INDIA

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

The Holiday Girl

preference

No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

G. F. KELLNER & CO., LTD., Calcutta, Delhi, Simla & Branc

India Monthly Magazine

number Four October 1928

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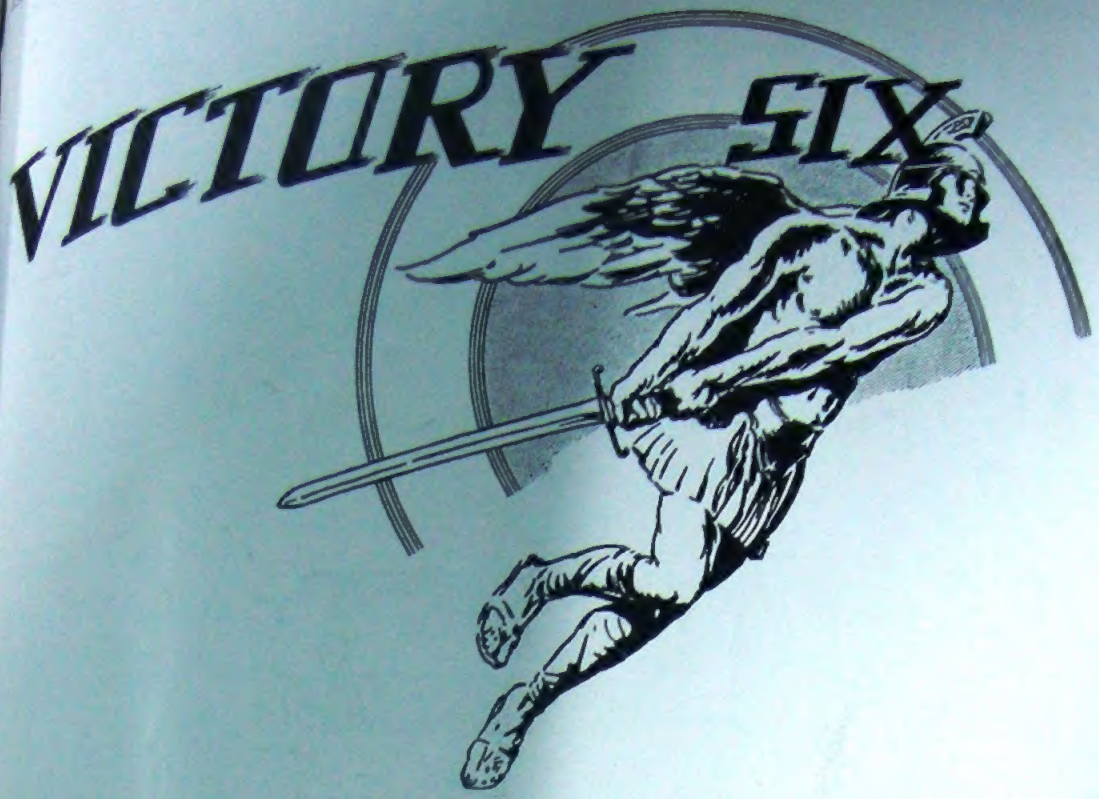

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Contents

INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE—*Editorial and Publishing Office*, 1, Waterloo St., Calcutta. *Advertising and Circulation Managers*—The Publicity Society of India Ltd., Imperial House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2., and 1, Waterloo Street, Calcutta.

Wedding Bells

STANFORD WARREN At Christ Church, Shaw, Wilts., Capt. Henry Morrant Stanford, M.C., R.H.A., youngest son of the late Edward Stanford and of Mrs. Stanford, The Stone House, Aldringham, Suffolk, and Edith Haundton, younger daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Warren and of Mrs. Warren, Shaw House, Melksham, Wilt.

* *

FOX—PAGE At St. George's, Bickley, John Mortimer, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fox, of Bickley, to Ilma May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Page, of Auckland, New Zealand.

* *

GEDDES—CUTLER At Calcutta, Trevor Ridgway, younger son of Mr. Samuel Geddes and the late Mrs. Geddes, of Indianapolis, Indiana, U.S.A., to Ethel Rachel, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. U. Cutler, of Calcutta.

* *

WATSON—GREENE At the Parish Church, Frimley, James Christian Victor Kiero, only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. Kiero Watson, of Fleet, and Miriam Constance, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Greene, Coldrennick, Camberley.

* *

RODWELL CALLARD—At Holbrook Parish Church, Douglas Hunter Rodwell to Mrs. Norman Callard, widow of Lieut.-Col. Callard.

* *

HUMPHRY GEDGE—At Pewsey, John McNab Humphry, M.C., Sudan Political Service, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Humphry, Fleet, Hants., to Mary, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Gedge, of Pewsey.

* *

GRANVILLE—GLADWIN-ERRINGTON—At the Chapel of the Savoy, Lieut.-Col. C. Granville, of Bridestowe, Devon, to Mrs. G. D. Gladwin-Errington, of Bacton, Norfolk.

* *

BARNARD—TYE—At Calcutta, on 15th September, 1928, George Harry, second surviving son of Mr. Ellis Barnard, of West Car, Attleborough, Norfolk, and the late Mrs. Barnard, to Mabel May, youngest daughter of Mrs. H. Tye, of Rushden, Northants, and the late Mr. Henry Tye.

Welcome to our World

FRAMPTON—To Hilda Mary, the wife of Frampton, I.C.S., a daughter.

* *

CANNING—On 14th September, at Naini Tal, to May, wife of F. Canning, I.F.S., a son.

* *

DORLING—At Highfield, Shrewton, Wilts., to of Major L. Dorling, Royal Artillery, a daughter.

* *

MORGAN—On 14th September, at Mussoorie, to wife of D. L. Morgan, Indian Police, a son.

* *

DOWSON—At Yatiyantota, Ceylon, to Enid, wife C. Dowson, a son.

* *

MURRAY—On 14th September, in Paris, to wife of Major L. G. Murray, The Gordon a son.

* *

MAY—At Newton, Elgin, to Myrtle, wife of May, 12th Frontier Force Regt., a son.

* *

MALCOLM—At Lexham Gardens, Kensington wife of C. A. Malcolm, I.F.S., a daughter.

* *

KILBURN—On 10th September, at Rupai Assam, to Mary, wife of F. S. Kilburn, a son.

* *

OWEN—On 20th September, to Stella wife of a daughter.

* *

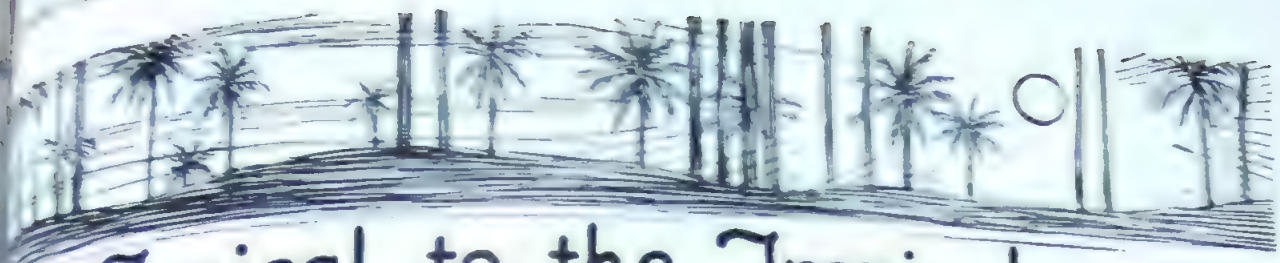
DODINGTON—At Bangalore, to Jeanne, wife J. M. Dodington, The Wiltshire Regt., a daughter.

* *

WEST—On 17th September, at Karachi, to wife of Capt. A. C. Erskine West, The Rifles, son.

* *

CAVENDISH-MOORE—At Mussoorie, to W. G. Cavendish-Moore, a daughter.



Topical to the Tropical

...of the doings and interests of the people of India

The Better Driver

Controversy has been stirred recently amongst our motoring organizations about the relative merits of men and women as drivers. The truth seems to be that men drive cars better than women but women drive men better than cars.

A family affair.

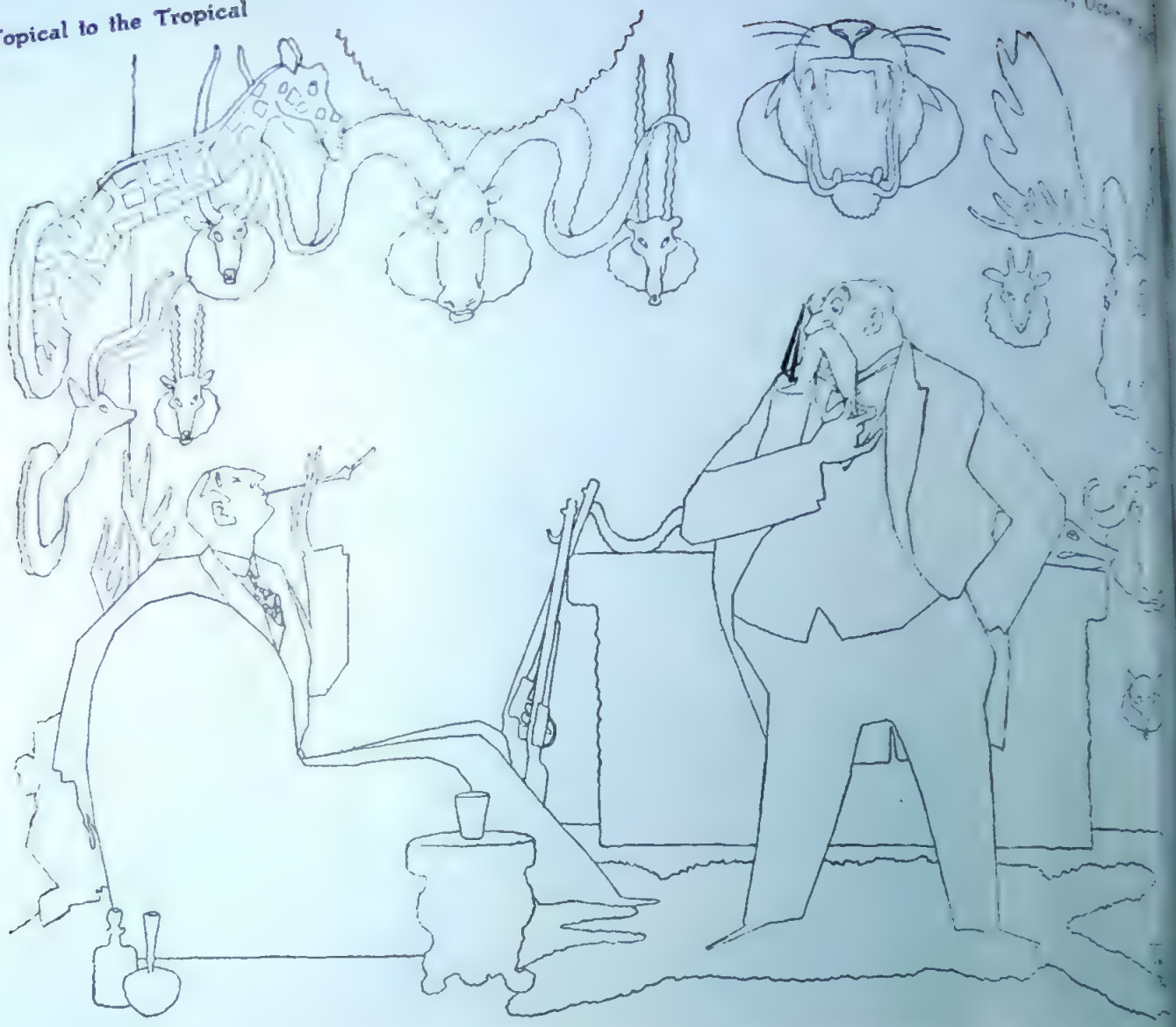
India's Parliament

A short session of the Legislative Assembly has come to a close. Admission to the galleries has been eagerly sought by those who are interested in wordy warfare and debate. It is unfortunate that the accoustics of the hall permit the Ladies Gallery —for the most part—to hear only speakers on the Government benches, and the Distinguished Strangers to hear only the Opposition. But practice improves the listening ear. On these occasions how blessed are those endowed with the heaven-sent gift of repartee, and how happy must be the moments such as that lately enjoyed by a distinguished Member, who, on being asked whether Government intended giving compensation in some small Railway accident, was able to answer in the negative, as the only sufferer had been found to be travelling without a ticket.

* * *

Noses and Hats

Simla has had two particularly good entertainments to its credit this month. The first was a Hat and Nose party given at Snowden by the Personal Staff of H. E. the Commander-in-Chief. The femmme guests appeared in head-dresses, and the male members in false noses, and the general effect had to be seen to be believed. The second party was given to grown-up children by Sir Victor Sassoon. About sixty guests assembled, strangely attired in infantile garments, to find their host arrayed as a schoolmaster. There was also a Nannie,—a male impersonator with a passion for washing his charges' faces, and a doctor with a terrifying black bag and a bottle of enormous proportions, labelled Castor Oil. Each child found its bib waiting for it at the dinner table, and after a marvellous evening they kept early hours as children should.

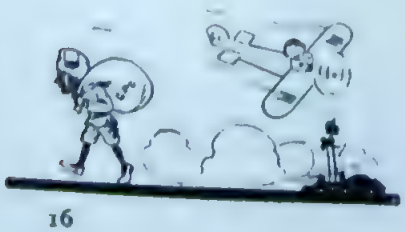


Fed-up Listener: "Ah, yes; and the big fellow over your head? Yawned himself to death, what?"

Indian Air Ports

Great cities to-day are invariably great because they are seaports. Will the great cities of the future be great because they are great air ports? For instance, are Calcutta and Bombay likely in a hundred years to have given place to an inland metropolis—a large air junction?

Everybody believes that aviation is due for a tremendous advance but many people hold that it will not be for some time. In the meantime wise cities will purchase land for airports just the same. Allahabad for instance might become an ideal air junction. Geographically it is well situated and it is adequately fed by the railways. The removal of Government offices to Lucknow has been a setback to its prestige and the installation of an air terminus would give this decaying city a fresh lease of life.



Zoological

An American friend sends us this story from New York:—

Up at the zoo one hot afternoon the bath water of one of the elephants was cut off when the pipe line broke. This was tough on the animal's keeper, who had to keep the elephant supplied with water by carrying it in a pail. The tap was a good distance from the elephant. The trips were long, the water heavy, but doggedly the keeper stuck to his task. Perspiring and gasping, he would stagger to the animal with a pail only to see the contents instantly siphoned out and dissipated in spray. For hours he had kept up. The keeper was on his fortieth or perhaps his [illegible] trip, when, passing the cage which was confined a big [illegible] mus, he was stopped by a [illegible]

(Continued on page [illegible])

Our Portrait Gallery

Lady Wilson is the wife of H. E. Sir Leslie Wilson, Governor of Bombay. Lady and his wife leave the Presidency in December, when his term of office ends. By her great charm and tact Lady Wilson has endeared herself to all classes in Bombay.

she was a stoutish lady, firm of deposition.

"My man," she said, "can you tell me whether that is a male hippopotamus or a female hippopotamus?"

Then the worm turned. The keeper set down his pail. He regarded the lady coldly. His tone was metallic.

"Madam," he said, "I don't see how that could interest anyone but a hippopotamus."

Bad to Worse

An Indian recently ran from Howrah to Chandernagore in less than two hours. This is probably a world's record for from bad to worse.

Smuggling

It has for long been a complaint of the big shops that the professional dressmaker, who descends upon us in large numbers at this time of the year, brings many of the gowns she sells into the country as her own, thus avoiding the payment of duty.

A modiste returning from Europe,
they say,
Brought clothing and jewels, so rare
Which she tried to slip through, but
When caught in the act,
Said haughtily, "Well? I'll declare!"

* * *

INDIA, Ou...

How Remarkable!

Beverley Nichols ... look "Are they ... home?" which is ... just now, relate ... story of an interview ... Edwin Lutyens, ... of the Empire, ... on a walk from ... to Trafalgar Square ... who was regaining the ... his usual fund of ... "When I was designing ... Delhi they told me that in ... to show sympathy with ... must employ a peacock ... I sent the following ... *When God created India ... not show His wide ... pointing the rainbow."*

Golf at Gulmarg—a group of the players photographed after conclusion of the contest, Scotland vs. The World, which the former won by ten matches to eight.

The M. F. H. receives Viscountess Goschen and the Hon. Mrs. Portal.

H. E. Lord Goschen and Viscountess Goschen were "at Home" to the Ootacamund Hunt last month.

Centre: Eustace and Jeanette Balfour, grand-children of Lord and Lady Goschen.

Mrs. Mary Newson, daughter of Sir Percy Newson, formerly of Calcutta, whose marriage to the Master of Napier took place last month.

Lord Birkenhead, Secretary of State for India, is reported to be retiring from politics and entering the City.

A group of the officers of the 2nd Bn. Oxford & Bucks Light Infantry, taken on the occasion of the retirement of the Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. W. H. M. Freestun, C.M.G., D.S.O.

The wedding of Capt. P. H. Denyer, of the Sikh Regiment, and Miss Alison B. Crow—the bride and bridegroom leaving the church after the ceremony.

Muzzling

The Simla Municipal notices [illegible] the "marked increase [illegible]" were, for some time [illegible] to be an eulogy on the [illegible] of the infant population. [illegible]zing order has however [illegible] the fond illusion, and [illegible] the canine members of the [illegible]unity glare sadly forth [illegible] behind their vizors. Talk[illegible] of *Rabies*, a good story comes [illegible] mind. A man was bitten by [illegible] dog and summoned medical [illegible] too late. On being informed [illegible] end was certain he drew [illegible] him pen and paper. [illegible] poor friend," said the [illegible], "I am afraid you may not [illegible] time to make a will."

"What do you take me for?" snapped the patient, "This ain't no will. This is a list of people I want to bite before I die."

After the Rugger Dinner

Rugger dinners are invariably spirited affairs, and the one held in Calcutta to mark the close of the All-India Tournament was no exception to the rule. It is a perfectly true story that is recorded below. The hero is a well-known member of a well-known team and in the early hours of the Sunday morning following the dinner was making his way home on foot—weak but as willing as ever after the night's proceedings.

"Gharry, saheb?" a veteran gharrywallah solicited.

"No; don't want to ride," said the sportsman, after solemn consideration. "Tell you what, though. Wrestle your horse for ten rupees. Give you the ten if I don't throw him in five minutes."

The gharrywallah pondered this strange proposal, and presently assented.

"Take his shoes off," the three-quarter commanded. But this point the jehu would not yield. His horse must remain shod, if there was to be a contest.

"Bout's off then," the swaying one pronounced. "Only professionals wrestle with shoes on. I'm 'n amateur. Bout's off."

CREATING INTEREST NOW—AND WHY

Sir Clement Hindley is the latest Indian administrator to resign in order to take up an important post at home. He has been appointed to the Totalisator Control Board to which duties he will bring valuable business experience acquired as Agent of the East Indian Railway, Chairman of the Calcutta Port Commissioners and Chief Commissioner for Railways successively.

Sir P. C. Mitter has joined the Bengal Executive Council and thus adds to a long and distinguished record of public service. Some years ago he closed a successful career as a vakil at the Calcutta Bar and since then he has devoted himself to the service of the State.

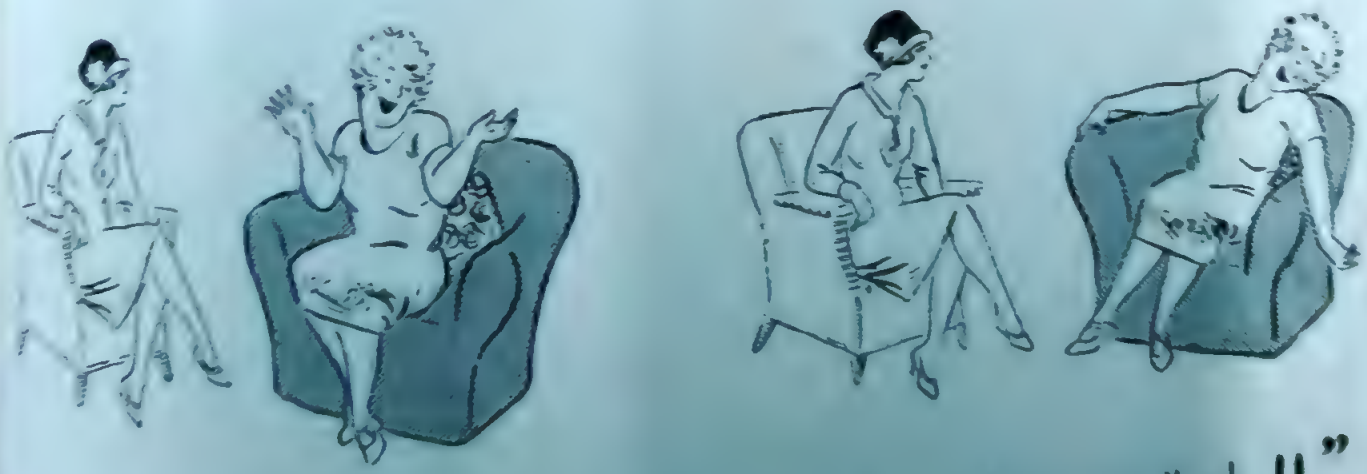
Miss Me Khin is the first woman to be appointed a Sessions Judge in this country. She is a Bachelor of Laws and the daughter of a Burma Civil Servant. Prior to her new appointment she was Assistant Registrar of the Rangoon High Court.

Mr. V. J. Patel, President of the Legislative Assembly, was largely in the public eye last month. His recommendations to Government in regard to the President's office were the subject of a despatch to the Secretary of State, and his casting vote against the Public Safety Bill decided the fate of that measure so far as the Assembly is concerned.

Dr. Rollestone Sterritt Fyffe has just retired from the Bishopric of Rangoon in which diocese he has worked since 1894. Thirty-four years ago he came to Burmah as a missionary and was elevated to his late appointment in 1918.

My dear, I heard the funniest joke .....

oh, it was so comical !.....



I do wish I could recall it !!"

DAMAYANTI AND THE SWAN

DISTINGUISHED INDIANS IN LONDON

H. H. the Maharajah of Palumpur and Sir Ali Begh with friends at Ranelagh.

H. H. the Aga Khan's son on a recent visit to Harland and Wolfe's Works, Belfast.

H. H. the Maharajah of Burdwan and Lord Strathcona.

A Dog's Life in India

and there was Master and "Ann love" a strange woman they called "Nurse" and there was an ayah, and in the Nurse's arms there was a bundle.

They all got out of the [illegible] and Master laid "Ann-love," very gently, on a long chair. The Nurse put the bundle into [illegible] arms and then Master held me up so that I could see what it really was.

I could not pretend to be very excited, [illegible] said it was the Baby, and he looked so happy, and as for "Ann-love" she looked quite beautiful. I tried to lick the tiny pink face, which made them all laugh, and Master put me down and said: "You're a jealous old pup!"

Then began such a different life that the early days seemed just a dream.

Everything was "Baby" — Master and Mistress simply worshipped that child. I often wished it had been a puppy so that I could get some fun out of it, but I really think they preferred it as it was.

The nights were disturbed with its crying and Master would carry it about till it was quiet again. The days were taken up with bathing it, feeding it, playing with it, and showing it to everyone who came to the boat. I never got a look in, but I am a wise creature and just bided my time. It is a good thing to remember the old saying: "Every dog has his day!" I used to lie near the cradle because I knew "Ann-love" liked me to, and one day when we were alone, she whispered to me. "You're still my lovely hound," she said, "and you are going to love little Master and take care of him."

Well, I did, it was extraordinary how I grew to love that child. Of course it altered.

After a time it stopped crying every five minutes and would lie and laugh and kick, and make [illegible] "Ann-love" would get so excited and cry out "Oh! [illegible] he smiled at me," and "David darling, look, he's found his fingers!" and "Quick, David, he's biting his toes!"

I began by getting mildly interested, and then I used to get excited too. We were back with the regiment now and everyone seemed to come and see the Baby. When it crawled, one day, after Master's cigarette case, I was as excited as "Ann-love," and when "Ann-love" put her finger in his mouth and called: "David, come quickly, Baby's got two teeth!" I rushed out too. "Ann-love" laughed and said: "Ooh! what a thrill!" and she hugged the Baby like she used to hug me.

After that there were endless thrills; a new word or movement, and then the first steps. Master was always clicking a thing they called a camera and they would spend hours trying to make that child do something particular for the camera, but of course he would not. I rather admired him for having a will of his own.

I could go on telling you a lot more about the family but I think [illegible] enough.

"Little David" grew [illegible] big boy and we stopped [illegible] him "Baby." He is [illegible] like a puppy now and [illegible] sorts of mischief.

He loves to tease [illegible] kicks me, bites me, throws [illegible] toys at me and [illegible] on me, and [illegible] love" gets quite [illegible] red, but [illegible] am getting [illegible] get cross very [illegible] I would [illegible] "Little David," [illegible] am sure "Ann-love" and my Master [illegible] it.

The family [illegible] to England soon. That is the [illegible] where Master [illegible] "Ann-love." They will take "Little David" but they will leave me here.

"Ann-love" looks at Master and says: "I do hope the [illegible] ful hound will be here when we come back, he is so good with "Little David."

I open sleepy eyes and look at them. I think I shall be [illegible] with the rest of the regiment.

There's life in the old dog yet.

HOUSEHOLD HORRORS. No 2

THE COOK.

By Maj. F. N. MACFARLANE

Kansamaji was quite a normal cook,
He had the usual drawbacks of his kind;
We could not make him use a Cookery Book,
And never knew our menu till we dined.

His lamentable love of Worcester sauce,
And cloves, and every kind of eastern spice,
Was counterbalanced by his *tour de force:*
A grand *pilau* of *murgi*, eggs and rice.

The dear old man was desperately slow,
I can't imagine anybody slower.
But then I think you really ought to know
His predecessor came from Marmagoa.

This villain often left us in the lurch;
For frequently when sitting down to lunch
We found that he had beetled off to church,
And left us without anything to crunch.

And so we bore with old Kansamaji,
Although his meals were nearly always late;
Until at last—I'm sure you'll all agree—
He met a just, if miserable, fate.

For one fine day I got a nasty shock
When, glancing through the open kitchen door,
I saw him stir his *degchi* full of stock
And place another bowl upon the floor.

He then removed his ancient undervest
And spread it over the bowl with tender care—
An action which I hardly could have guessed
Was going to help produce *consomme clair.*

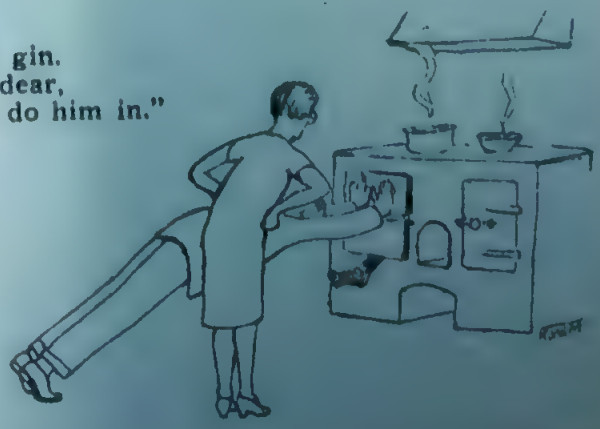
But next I saw him raise the stock-pot high,
And pour its contents through his old *camise,*
Which latter when he'd wrung it fairly dry
He draped upon our current Stilton cheese.

Two fingers next he dipped into the bowl
And sucked them well, and dipped them in anew,
And then, continuing his tasting role,
He had another hearty suck or two.

By this time I was feeling pretty queer;
So sought my wife and had a double gin.
I told my tale. She said, "I think, my dear,
We'll change our cook, but first let's do him in."

We stalked the old Kansama from behind,
And trussed him up—reprieving him *pro. tem.*
While we commenced the rite we had in mind,
By basting him with lard and cocogem.

We made a roaring furnace in the range,
And shoved the poor old gentleman inside.
It was not really altogether strange
That when we took him out we found he'd died.



From West of Suez

Specially contributed to "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

LONDON, 13th Septemb

ALTHOUGH grouse shooting, even here, is now an old story, I feel that I should be remiss if I did not retail for the benefit of the ardent "Gunner" in India, who, being mostly a Scot, knows all about expeditions of the kind in this land, the description given by one of our enthusiastic lady pen-men of the departure from London of those bound for the Moors. I think it quite deserves framing alongside that other ancient story about the "pop of the rifle," and here it is:—

"All the same, there was the usual jumble of gun cases, shooting-sticks, and other sporting tackle, golf-clubs and suit-cases on the platforms, the whole pervaded with the subtle odour of Harris tweeds and home-spuns.

"The women all wore stout leather shoes, or even brogues, and the neatest of travelling suits, for modern fashion is now-a-days so influenced by common sense that the the veriest novice in sport now goes off suitably dressed the occasion, and Parisian fections are ruthlessly di in favour of the sporting cl at which English tailors excel

The "ver novice in spo of another does not, as should, go off a pink coat top hat, bo breeches spurs with long rail journey be him to the sc of operat This "sub odour tweed" neat hat mosphe most nto the trans one side heads to ge into the byes" not, as of cons ed so can ste out of the on to the ery m am all mosphe this tweed what m called the eight

A typical grouse-moor scene.

Sir John and Lady Simon.

[illegible] name [illegible] Russian name I [illegible] equivalent to our [illegible] and a few more [illegible] what? Tunney [illegible] and next to [illegible] Dempsey, but as [illegible] being a [illegible] in for

of the press reporters when they have met either Mr. Tunney or Mr. Dempsey, so how are we to arrive at any kind of standard? Tunney resigns his title, so he says, but can we then put Heeney in as the next wicket? I rather doubt it. Mr. Heeney is, I hear, convalescing quite satisfactorily.

[illegible] pathise with this Yankee gentleman who hails from the old-fashioned State of South Carolina.

* * *

In the meanwhile the so-called Little Season, that is to say, the period between the time when people come dribbling back from the north and start getting themselves and their horses fit for hunting campaign by going out cubbing, is not to pass without its little scandals and rumpuses. The worst of it is that it is not possible to give the really funny stories names, and all because in two cases, at any rate, the law has already started to work. In one case, however, the names

Above: Lord Cushendun, who as Acting Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs signed the Kellog Peace Pa in Paris last month on behalf of India.

Below (left): Interest in coaching has been resuscitated in England. The photo shows a coach passing Hy Park Corner; (right) The "Lady Drake," designed for Canadian service, is launched at Birkenhead

...ch I feel it is hardly necessary ... mention, as they will spring ... the mind of the observant quite ...ly, the people who will insist ... gambling upon anything ... won money. The winners ... the people who said that this ...rtcular marriage would not ...st two years have won by three months almost to the day. In ...other case "they," that is, the Destroying Angels of people's ...utations, say that the trouble ... that She invited her He to the ...oot and that He invited his She ... that that touched off the magazine finally. Rather apt, too, I should think, and I cannot imagine how people can be so reckless.

Mr. O. M. D. Bell, Felstead's trainer.

* * *

By the time this is printed in India, the Leger will be stale news, and we shall have known the worst or the best about Felstead, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's Derby winner, which colt at the moment is rather under a cloud because a splint has been giving trouble. The erudite gents who write about horses in the London press have explained to a doubtless breathless public that a splint is "a little bone which grows between the two bones in the lower part of a horse's front leg." This is good. It is the human not the horse who has now-a-days two bones in the lower leg! The horse originally, as most ordinary people and all vets. know, had three bones in the lower part of his leg—the present cannon-bone, plus two others, but that went out of fashion a few thousand years ago—perhaps even I might say in the palæolithic age—and the splint bones as we know still remain, and do not carry on down to a toe as they used to do when the horse was a three-toed animal: so the erudite gents are shy one in any case. However, Felstead, like many another horse, has splints, and one of them has been giving trouble. The hard ground has not encouraged Oswald Marmaduke Dalby Bell (Felstead's trainer, one time so well known in Calcutta) to risk bustling him along, and hence he is short of an orthodox Leger preparation. Flamingo, the only other stayer of any class in the race, is, I hear, recovering from that disastrous expedition in search of the Grand Prix, and the training reports are distinctly more encouraging than they have been for some time past. He is an amazingly nice colt—small, only 15.2, but all over quality and full of substance. If there is anything wrong with Felstead, he is the automatic next choice. Fairway will only have won this Leger if Felstead and Flamingo are not Felstead and Flamingo.

* * *

And, àpropos this racing business, I wonder if this little personal experience at Stockton the other day will appeal to your sense of humour. The actors were the racing tipster clad in jockey cap and jacket *avec* a natty pair of trousers, stuffed into gum boots, and his assistant. The audience, the customary one to which these gentlemen sell priceless information for a humble bob. As the principal came to the end of his fervid oration, he suddenly grabbed his partner, an unoffensive little Yiddish boy, by the scruff of his neck and thrusting him forward shouted: "And, ladies and gentle*men*, if I'm not tellin' yer the truth may Gord strike *'im* dead!" He seemed to me to be on a winner anyway himself.

* * *

As to the Cesarewitch (12th October), I suppose no one in India is greatly interested, because in my time the only races that really made us prick our ears were the National, the Derby and the Leger, but it might easily be won this year by Arctic Star (Goodwood Stakes winner) owned by Sir "Scatters" Wilson, who was only Colonel "Scatters" Wilson when he was Military Secretary to that blunt and bluff old soldier, Mike O'Moore Creagh, at that time Commander-in-Chief in India. Calcutta, at any rate, has some indirect interest, and India in another distinct possibility, Kinchinjunga, because of his name only. He won the Goodwood Cup and is over 17 hands: hence his name, but whereas Arctic Star is not a boy's horse and a

Sir Philip Sassoon, who visits India this month.

most tiring one for a little chap like Smirke to ride, Kinchinjunga I am assured bridles like a polo pony and is as handy as a lady's maid. The Cesarewitch course, as you know, of course, is a dead slog, no turns to speak of, and so handiness will not come in as much as it would at, say, Epsom, in the Great Metrop, or on a course that is more or less all on the turn. I like Arctic Star immensely myself, and I think a bit better than the other one. The Cesarewitch is to the flat race horse what the National is to the jumper—a thing quite apart.

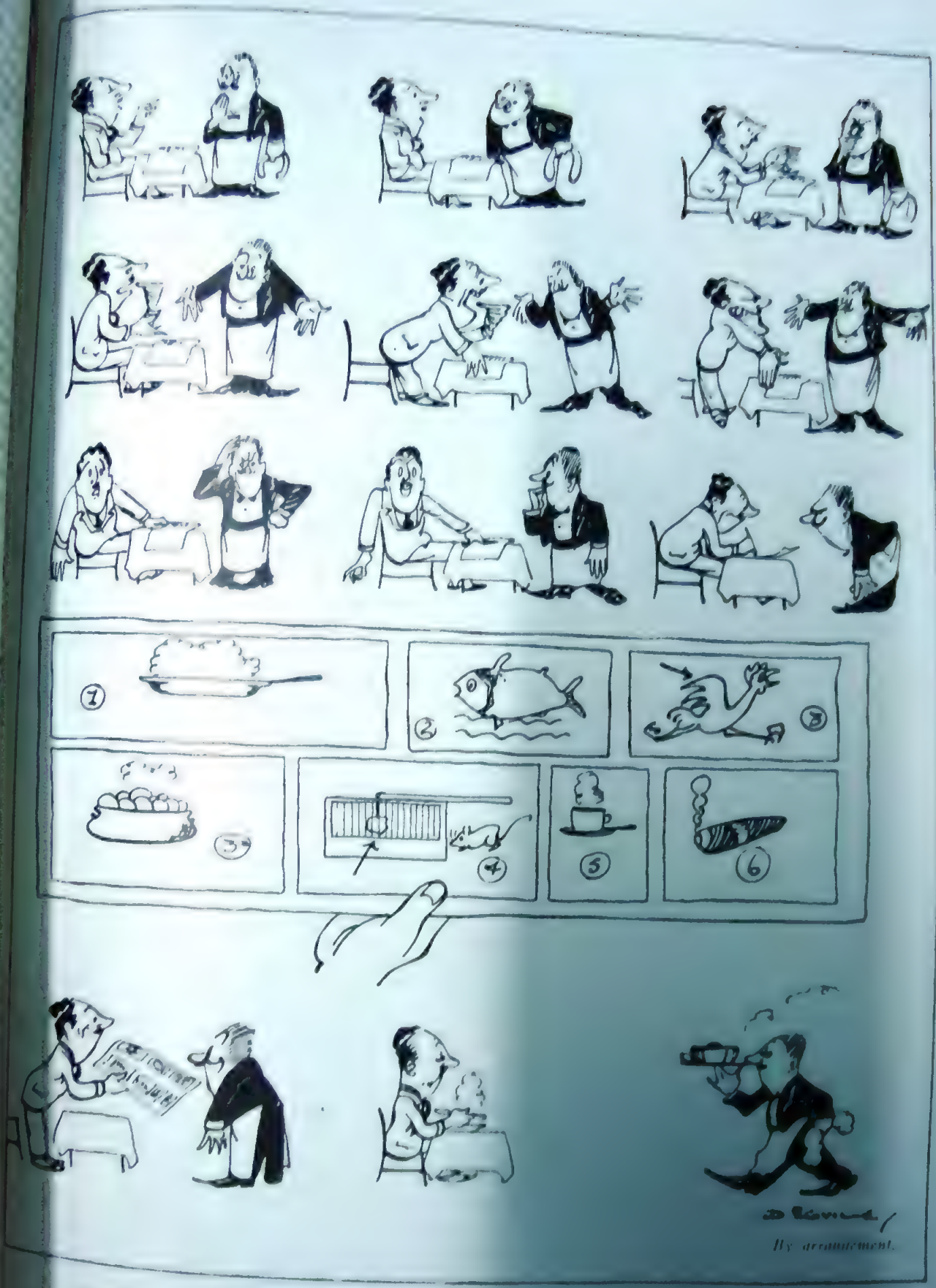
* * *

The Hog-Hunter's Annual, I am sure, will have interested all India. It is well edited by Captain Nugent Head and Captain Scott-Cockburn, both 4th Hussars, who have been so much to the fore in the Kadir of recent years, but badly turned out by the *Pioneer* press. I mention this annual because next year it is proposed to hold a Pigsticking Dinner on the lines of the Calcutta Paperchase one held some years ago with such *éclat*, and the proposers are busy beating up people like General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Lord Kensington, Sir "Mahout" Mahon, Lt.-Colonel Medlicott (late 3rd Skinner's Horse), General John Vaughan, who still is as good a man over Leicestershire as anyone in the land, "Tich" Dunbar, who hunts down in the V.W.H. country, all winners of the Kadir, and General Sir E. Locke-Elliot, Colonel Hewlett, late Central India Horse—both winners of the Guzerat Cup—our old friend Malcolm Crawford, Claud Ismay, and a few more to get busy on it. I think it will be a very good thing if it can be brought off, and there is no reason why it should not be. As H.R.H. the Prince of Wales rode the winner of the Hog-Hunters' Cup when he was in India, I am sure he also would be interested.

* * *

It is a bit early for any hunting news, save that Major Algy Burnaby is going on with the Quorn alone, and is not taking "The Admiral" as a partner, as some of us thought he might. Mrs. Algy, who is very charming and is an American, has, I hear, come in for some more money and that may have something to do with this decision. The hunt gives the Masters £3,000 a year for horses alone, plus the rest—hounds, wire fund, etc., but even so, it costs quite a bit for wear and tear are considerable in a galloping grass country four days a week. The proposal that the Belvoir hounds should accept the invitation of the Warwickshire Master to have a day in Warwickshire has, so I hear, been frowned on by the Duke. The hounds are not called The Duke of Rutland's for nothing and they have quite as much as they want in their own country. Peter Ackroyd, one of the new joint Masters of the Belvoir, is the Warwickshire Master's brother-in-law. This, I suppose, is how this invitation originated. Anyway, I hear that it is not going to happen. The Belvoir kennel needs a good deal of overhauling, as there have been far too many hounds allowed to go on hunting without deigning to say much about the fox. Of all hounds your mute gentleman is to my mind the world's worst. The wicked gossips, of course, do say that there is every reason why the Belvoir should be almost silent! However, I will *not* talk scandal.

THE VUL.



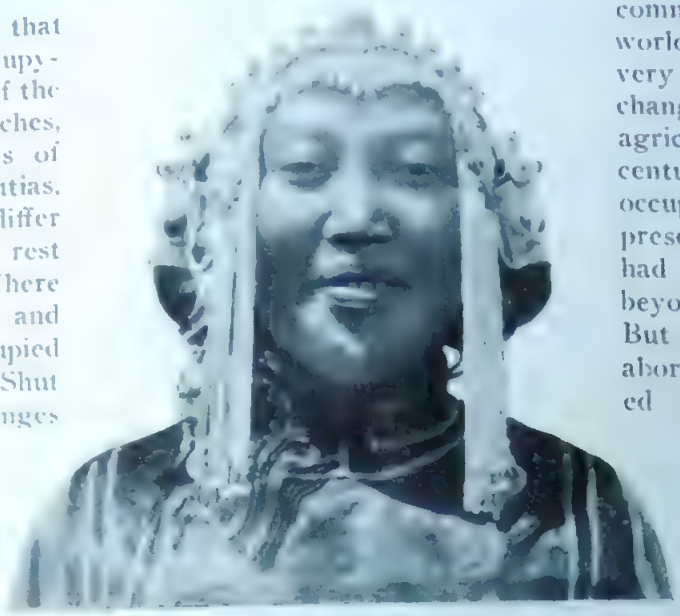
RETURNING OVERLAND—THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SPEAK FRENCH.

THE MONGOL PEOPLES AT INDIA'S DOORS

By PUTNAM WEALE

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

HOW does it happen that at India's doors, occupying three quarters of the mountainous land approaches, there are numerous peoples of Mongol stock, Tibetans, Bhutias, Lepchas, and others, who differ so fundamentally from the rest of the adjacent races? Where do these men come from, and how long have they occupied their present territories? Shut in by enormous mountain ranges they have lingered at India's gates, strangers from afar who have never been assimilated, people perpetrating their type in ignorance of their past. Distinguished by straight black hair, a yellow skin, a bridgeless nose and the curious shape of the eye, due to the epicanthus, their racial similarity to the Chinese is undoubted.



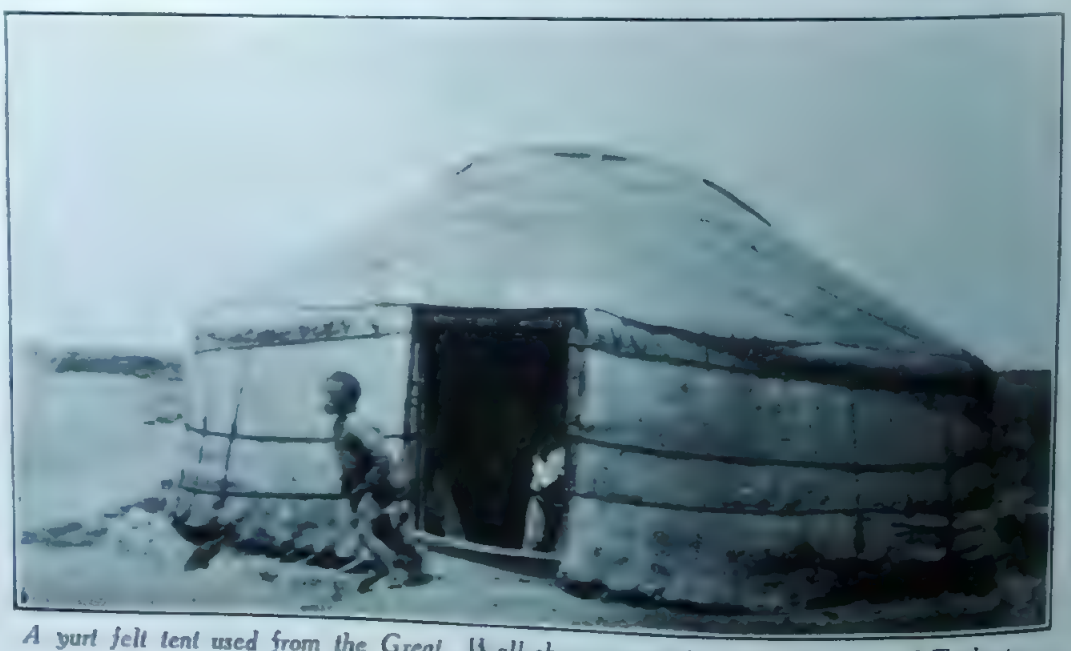
A beauty from the Kokonor district.

But how did they wander so far afield? No subject is more intricate; for their exile, although enforced during historic times has been mainly due to a varying racial pressure which commenced in remote periods when the only records were priestly writings and the chronicles of dynasties, and the movement of peoples was passed by. Still, there are enough fragments discoverable to build up a picture and reveal the secret.

The key is in China.

China as an organized nation is not as old as is believed. The early Pharoahs, and the great days of Babylon and Assyria had passed before she had any importance. Even when Rome commenced to rule the Classical world, the Chinese still formed a very small nation, painfully changing from a pastoral to an agricultural life. Twenty-three centuries ago China did not occupy one-twentieth of her present area and little progress had been made in extending beyond the Yellow River Valleys. But in her conflict with the aborigines, who sparsely inhabited the areas she was intent on colonizing, she was assisted by the existence of a kingship, which brought with it a culture far superior to the life around it.

Perhaps five hundred years before Christ she began to drive trade routes down towards the Yangtse, seeking to win empire by the extension of her culture and conferring titles on the barbarians. But even in the days of Confucius the aborigines were still so thick on the ground even in Shantung itself (the home of the Sage) they entirely controlled all the mountainous east portion reaching to the sea. Sinologues who have made a study of the character for believe that the Chinese were acquainted with up to



A yurt felt tent used from the Great Wall sheer across Asia to the borders of Turkestan.

Nomads of mixed blood—outwardly Chinese, beyond the north-west boundary of China.

[illegible] proud enough that they had no contact with, or knowledge of the sea, and were spreading by moving South, seeking to the rich soil of the Yangtse drainage area.

Then came the first great military emperor, Ch'in Shih-huang, who built the Great Wall in the North to guard the country from raiding by warlike, horse-riding barbarians, and unified the nation by breaking up and destroying the little feudal states which till then had existed. This emperor sent armed expeditions in many directions. One such expedition penetrated farther south than the Chinese had ever gone before. It marched down from the Yangtse Valley into the Annamese Kingdoms which centered round Canton, coming out into Indo-China and reaching a point which French archælogists have identified as Cape Varella, 200 miles North of the Mekong river.

Here it was stopped. An extraordinary thing had happened. The yellow men had come in contact with races with an Indian origin, who were too powerful to be pushed aside. The Chinese retraced their footsteps to the country where the aborigines were racially allied to them and weaker, besides possessing the same distinguishing marks.

Two hundred years later, under the Han dynasty at the beginning of the Christian era, a renewed attempt was made to expand the boundaries of the empire to the South. The early Han emperors had not only consolidated the empire laid by Ch'in Shih-huang, but were relieved of the pressure of the Scythians and Huns who had moved out of Central Asia. It was now that the famous silk route, leading to Bactria across 2,000 miles of desert, was traced and garrisoned, establishing in-

[illegible] Kokonor Desert. The [illegible] the great expedition which had been made by Chang Ssu-hsiang [illegible] the [illegible] of the Sung [illegible] [illegible] on this region called Hsi-an [illegible] of Sung [illegible] [illegible] and other [illegible] [illegible]

Szechuan and Hunan were then inhabited by the ancestors of the Tibetans, the Mongols, whose great mastiffs which are still found in Tibet have a place in Chinese folklore. The Sung dynasty historian Sze-ma-ch'ien gives in detail the story of the attacks launched on the Sung [illegible] as these various tribes were called, attacks which gradually dislodged them from Hunan and a part of Szechuan, and began pushing them inland in two great streams—one going due West, and the second North. It was the Northern one which was destined to become the more important. It moved steadily ever farther afield, skirting what are now the North West provinces of China and becoming mixed with Turkish tribes from the region of the Kokonor. The Kingdom of Tangut, which was eventually founded by these men and still flourished when Marco Polo passed to Peking in the Thirteenth Century, is a monument to this migration. The main body, however, continued to move West and by the Sixth or Seventh Century had established numerous principalities throughout Tibet, subjugat-

On the Great Northern Grass-land beyond the Chinese Frontier.

One of the Kirghiz tribe

Two Mongols now from the Great Plateau

...gods in a Tibetan temple.

Lama priests outside a temple.

...the dragon ... a flower-crown- ...ne way the ...which had ...n carvings, ...o a phenix. ...period of the ... the last of ... the Bhutias ...lled from the

chronicles date from this time and the linguistic affinities in the Tibeto-Burmese group of languages prove that a vast zone then must have been in close contact. In the crude demonology, which still plays such a part, allied to Lamaism, can be seen the remains of the ancient animism which all such peoples originally practised.

the Central State in a world it was pleased to call barbarian, never abated its pretensions or withdrew its claim to overlordship over all peoples of which it had any knowledge whatsoever. Discretion sometimes tempered these claims; but there is hardly any people to the East of the Oxus which at one time or

[illegible] Kingdoms, Tibet, Nepal, Mongolia, Turkestan and [illegible] Siberia, over the [illegible] of Bengal and Ceylon [illegible] the Mong[illegible] [illegible] China. With that [illegible] [illegible] largely [illegible] [illegible] the people [illegible] the Mongol hordes. [illegible] contrast to these [illegible] It [illegible] the Chinese [illegible] the [illegible] that the generals must [illegible] march across the [illegible] Nepal, Sikkim and [illegible] the [illegible] of India and [illegible] on the West [illegible] that [illegible] never so well [illegible] the Mongols. It was this [illegible] back to Peking in [illegible] which [illegible] Tartar [illegible] [illegible] to China.

The boast of the Chinese that they were the undeniable masters of all the black-haired, yellow-skinned race, even those who like the Tibetans had become so greatly mixed with Turkish elements, or the Gurkhas who were descendants of conquering Rajputs, was never abated in the days of the Empire. Under the Republic the idea of fraternity has nominally replaced this conception, but underlying it is the ancient pride which would treat the peoples scattered South and West from their original homes by their pressure as subordinates, lacking that essential culture which establishes supremacy.

An essential point to remember is that until the fall of the T'ang dynasty the Capital of the Chinese Empire was much farther inland than to-day,—Hsianfu being 600 miles South West of Peking, and 1,000 miles from the coast. It was therefore in a favourable position to exert pressure on all the races grouped to the South and the West,—it could drive them inland and cut them off for ever from returning. Nor must it be forgotten that the populations were then so light that according to the historian Ssu-ma-ch'ien, four or five thousand armed men was a great field force.

Such then is the origin of these exiles at India's doors, such the strange story of how they were driven away.

To-day in Peking, when armies have come in from North-Western China, many faces can be seen with features not at all [illegible] These are men from the [illegible] fragments of the Kingdom of Tangkut, which Marco Polo knew, men who are racially almost exactly the same as the Tibetans and the Bhutias.

They point a finger [illegible] they testify that [illegible] ruled who was to [illegible] back-blocks of China, [illegible] to wander to the [illegible] of India, and the roof of the world.

THE VERDICT

By GORDON SUSSEX.

...OWANI DAS, the great ...thy merchant of ... some such ...ted murder ... know what ... be regarded ... But that is by the ...

...en caught red-hand... the police accept

... left him to talk with the prisoner."

...ication, tendered toge... the offer of a lakh of ... that the tell-tale crimson ...ng more than the juice ... betel-nut. And Bhowani ... was dragged before the ...t Magistrate, an unbe... listened unmoved to ...ry, and who committed ... for trial in the High Court. ...y, paid in advance, ... prisoner in his dismal ... his head mourn... Bhowani Das asked ... chance he had of escap... his life?

... chance," sighed the ..., "is so small that the ... a gnat would appear as ... beside it."

... Bhowani Das cursed ... concerned—the dead ... idiocy in ceasing to ... his head had been painlessly removed with a scimitar, the police and the magistrate for refusing to believe in his innocence, and his attorney for failing to secure his acquittal at the first hearing.

"Had I not paid you in advance," he spat out, "you would have bethought yourself of a way. I was a fool to pay you first."

"But, Bhowani Das," put in the attorney, "if the case had not looked so black against you I would not have asked for payment in advance. If you were to hang, who would pay me?"

The blood of Bhowani Das ran cold, and moisture beaded on his oily brow. In a frenzy he turned upon the attorney.

"Have I paid you to tell me that I am to die?" he demanded. "Get you gone, dog. I will defend myself!"

And sadly the attorney, after promising to send a wreath, departed.

Now the gaoler, who, like the rest of us, had to live, overheard this conversation, and at high noon, when he took the distinguished prisoner his curry and Bang Bang chutney, he bade Bhowani Das listen, and said:

"In the bazaar this very morn I chanced upon one Khashi Din. I hear it said that he will be foreman of the jury at your trial to-morrow."

"So!" exclaimed Bhowani Das, "bring this fellow to me, and I will pay thee one hundred rupees!"

"Two hundred—these are hard times!"

Bhowani Das agreed, and, later in the day, the gaoler brought Khashi Din into the cell disguised as a bundle of washing, and left him to talk with the prisoner.

Bhowani Das drew his visitor into a corner.

"You are to be foreman of the jury on the morrow?"

Khashi Din bowed low.

"That distinguished task has fallen upon my unworthy head," he replied, modestly.

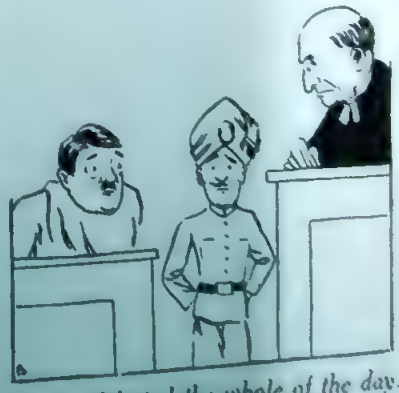
"Then listen, Khashi Din," whispered the merchant, "if you were in my place, and I in yours, and you besought me to spare your life, should I turn a deaf ear, think you?"

"My deaf ear is toward you now," answered Khashi Din, "but it could hear the jingle of many rupees..."

"Of five hundred rupees?"

"They would make but little noise."

"Of a thousand?"



The trial lasted the whole of the day.

"Perchance I should hear *them*," said Khashi Din, "but remember that there be twelve of us. The remaining eleven are likewise hard of hearing."

"They, too, shall hear the same tune," answered Bhowani Das. "Now, listen again. To you, and

each of you I will pay one thousand rupees if you bring in a verdict of manslaughter against me."

Khashi Din rubbed his nose.

"You *promise*, Bhowani Das," he said. "But how are we to know that you will *keep* your promise. Take no offence; *I* trust you, oh! But the others—they are disbelieving dogs! They will want to see your promise in writing."

"Then," said Bhowani Das, "they shall have it."

And, taking up pen and paper, he wrote out the agreement, which he handed to Khashi Din with a heavy sigh.

"Here," he said, "is the contract. I will keep my part. See to it that you keep yours!"

* * * * *

The trial lasted the whole of the day following, and the case looked black against Bhowani Das, who cast anxious glances towards the jurymen as they filed out of court to consider their verdict.

His heart thumped when they came back. Would they stick to their agreement? The foreman, Khashi Din, was called upon to announce the verdict.

"The jury," he said, "find the prisoner guilty of—manslaughter!"

And joy welled in the heart of Bhowani Das, joy which even the sentence of ten years' imprisonment failed to suppress. Ten years. What did they matter? Life was sweet . . . Prison were better than death . . . . Ten years would soon pass!

He was almost [illegible] Khashi Din visited [illegible] his cell to conclude [illegible] chuckled as he [illegible] order to his cashier to [illegible] of the jurymen the [illegible] thousand rupees. [illegible] Khashi Din took the [illegible] him, Bhowani Das spoke [illegible]

"You have done well, K[illegible] Din, by keeping your pro[illegible] he said. "Tell me, did you ha[illegible] any difficulty to persuade y[illegible] fellow jurymen to return a [illegible] dict of manslaughter?"

"I did, indeed," said Kha[illegible] Din. "But I reminded them th[illegible] a contract was a contract."

Bhowani Das smiled.

"Well spoken! But [illegible] you have this difficulty?"

"Because," answered Kha[illegible] Din, "they all wanted to [illegible] a verdict of 'Not Guilty'?"

An assembly of five King Vultures.

THE INSIDE OF TRUMPINGTON

By E. V. KNOX

Illustrated by GEORGE MORROW

Written and Illustrated specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE"

streets through which one must pass to get to their houses.

The inside of Trumpington was what schoolboys would describe as "very wonky," and the rumour of a new diet recommended by a doctor sounded in his ears like a clarion call. We used to pass many happy hours together talking of new systems and what they had done for Trumpington, and what they might yet do for him in the days to come.

The confidences, you will note, were one-sided. I never talked about my own anatomy to Trumpington, though there was much, I often felt, that might have been said. But it is always so with friendships. There is one who gives and one who receives, one who merely listens or sympathises and one whose inner heart is revealed. Only of course it was not merely his heart that Trumpington revealed to me. I became more familiar with his minor digestive processes than with my own.

"How is the lining today?" I would say. And he would settle comfortably into one of my armchairs, and tell me how the lining was.

We would discuss other things of course,—philosophy, art, religion, the future of the world, but it was to the new hope that Trumpington had about some lately revealed diet, and to the general condition of his pancreas, that we always eventually returned.

Little by little I began to feel to the inside of Trumpington as a foster-parent might feel towards an adopted child, and I could never be happy for long without knowing how it was reacting to the latest inspiration from Harley Street in the way of food.

In the course of twelve years Trumpington went through an Odyssey of foods. Before a fresh diet from a doctor, previously unexplored, he would stand

"Like some watcher of the skies
When some new planet swims
into his ken"

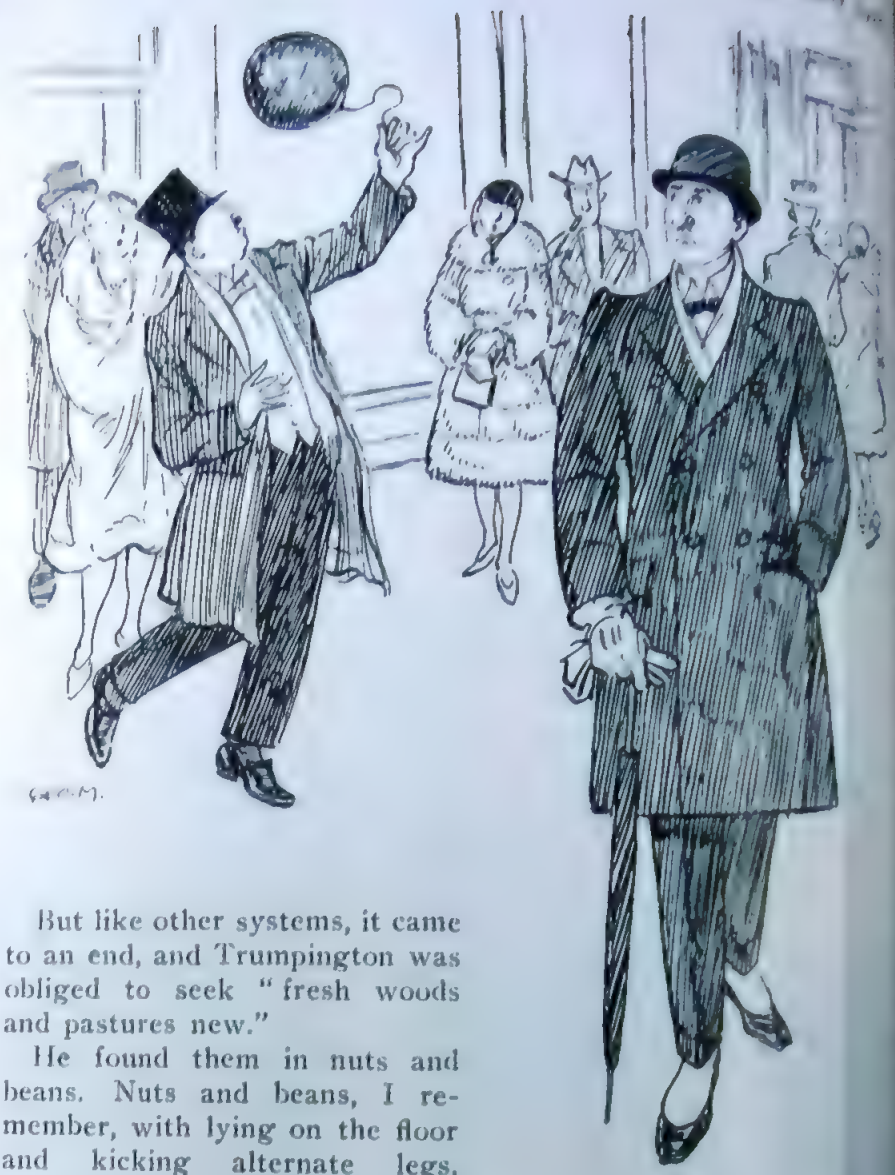
and what perhaps was stranger, every fresh diet, every altered regime, did him good. He would come to me full of peace and tell me about them. Sometimes it would be nothing but meat and mud-baths, and sometimes nothing but fish and deep-breathing, and sometimes nothing but eggs and long runs. With a look in his eyes as of a man who after days of toiling on a stormy deep has come at least to haven, he would wave his right hand and say:

"I've cut vegetables entirely out," or "I'm feeding on nothing but marl."

Yes, reader. Do not let that surprise you. There was a time when, to the best of my recollection, Trumpington was feeding on marl and marl alone. Like a hard tennis court. It did some kind of strange good, this marl, to the inside of Trumpington, as it does to the insides of ostriches and hens, and he was very, very happy while this geological revolution went on.

There was a time, too, when he subsisted almost entirely upon orange juice: and another delirious fortnight when he lived, so far as I could make out, upon nothing at all. This was one of his most expensive cures. He went to a place in the country (the grounds were very beautiful), and in this place were collected a number of persons who met convivially together and lived riotously upon nothing at all. Electrical treatment was applied to them, and there were baths and exercises, tennis and long walks, skipping and wrestling and dancing, bouts of pugilism, music and cards. But nothing whatever of any kind to eat or drink.

It was an ideal existence, so I gathered from Trumpington, while it lasted, though I daresay the local butcher and baker, when they met of an evening at the Rose and Crown, would have used different words when they talked about it.



But like other systems, it came to an end, and Trumpington was obliged to seek "fresh woods and pastures new."

He found them in nuts and beans. Nuts and beans, I remember, with lying on the floor and kicking alternate legs, marked a period of great beauty and calm in Trumpington's life, and we talked a great deal of what nuts and beans meant to him. It was not long after the message of nuts and beans had been superseded by a greater (I think it was petrol and shrimps) that Trumpington passed for a long time out of my ken. Then he came round to see me one day, and made the usual announcement, "I've been seeing a new doctor."

"Well?" I asked, hoping for a moment that it might be something as romantic as cucumbers and curry powder, but fearing that he might only have reverted to goat's milk cheese.

"I'm going to live perfectly normally," he said. I'm not going to have any diet at all. I'm going to eat and do exactly what I please!"

The words fell on me like a thunderbolt. I shuddered. Trumpington seemed to turn shadowy as I looked at him. diminish in warmth and reality. Trumpington with his pancreas, I knew. Trumpington with his dietetic vicissitudes. Trumpington with the delicate lining to his interior machine. But this other Trumpington, who was to live normally, who was he? Half a stranger already, I feared.

And so it proved. I saw less and less of him. He scarcely ever came round to plump himself happily in my armchair and bring me the latest bulletin of the great battle for good that was being waged within. Now

and again I would meet him dining at a restaurant or club (and what lunches!) or a reception, or coming away from a dance. Once I even met him late at night waving a coloured balloon. Trumpington carrying a coloured balloon! In the old days, if he had come round to my rooms and said: "I am on a new diet now. I am to eat nothing but coloured balloons," I should have been less surprised.

But when I did meet him during this period, there was something strained, I noticed, and unnatural, about his gaiety. There was a feverish glitter in his eyes. And then one day, in the foyer of a theatre, he introduced me to a girl. Beautiful she was, with bright hair and eager laughing eyes.

I gathered that she had given her heart to Trumpington, and he his to her.

His heart. Ah, yes; but what about the rest of Trumpington that I knew so well? Had he told her of his sufferings and triumphs in the past, or had he refrained? And if he had told her, would she understand?

I saw them once again together, eating pink ices (pink ices!) in a tea shop near the Strand. I noticed—I could not help noticing—that Trumpington looked haggard and restless, that his hands moved nervously, that the unnatural brilliancy in his eyes had increased, and I thought that the girl looked at him in a doubtful puzzled sort of way between spoonfuls every now and then.

Sensible as I was of the loss of our old friendship, I felt that some catastrophe was imminent, and I was sorry for Trumpington's sake, and sorry for the girl's. Had he been letting her, perhaps, into some of the closed chapters of the past? Laying bare to her a strange self of which he had never hinted before?

He had. A week later the whole truth was revealed. Trumpington came round to see me as of old. There was a look of intense happiness and security in his face as he sank back into the familiar chair.

I did not speak to him. I waited for him to begin.

"Well that's over!" he said at last.

I made a murmur of questioning surprise.

"A mad, mad episode!" he went on. "I don't know what I can have been thinking of. She had no knowledge, poor Muriel, of the deeper things. I was not feeling thoroughly satisfied with myself, and I went to a new Harley Street man for some sound advice."

"Some sound advice." How well I knew the words! What a glow of comfort they seemed to bring into the already cosy room!

"And he recommended?" I enquired.

"Sawdust," said Trumpington. "Sawdust, impregnated with vitamins. That and skipping in the bathroom for three hours a day."

There was the old ringing note of conviction in his voice as he spoke.

"The very first time I tried it," he went on, "the ducts—"

"And Muriel?" I interrupted.

"As I told you," he said impatiently, "Muriel is quite incapable of understanding the inner life. We broke it off the day before yesterday."

So Trumpington began to realize himself again, and little by little I pieced together the experiences that his inside had undergone during the wild and stormy period when he allowed himself to put into it whatever there happened to be on the table, one of the most interesting and dramatic passages of his inner career, and one of the last, I should imagine, that he is likely to forget.

He did not cling long to sawdust and vitamins. He is living now, I gather, after one or two minor changes, mainly on tinned pineapples and yeast. And every day he exercises himself on a kind of rack, like that used by the Spanish Inquisition.

But he never makes any variation now-a-days so violent as the one that seemed likely to wreck our friendship for ever, and I feel fairly confident that the vivid story of his œsophagus will never pass out of my keeping again.

AMID THE SHEIKS AND PALMS!

By MAY CHRISTIE

May Christie here describes in her inimitable style experiences which are not unfamiliar to those of us who break our homeward journey to obtain a brief glimpse of the land of the Pharoahs. She shows us the sheik and the palm in a less romantic setting than that affected by some modern writers.

A HOLIDAY in Egypt!
Sheiks! Pyramids! Hot sunshine!
Palms! Romance!

Ah, yes! *ROMANCE!*

"Who Drinks of the Waters of the Nile Will Drink Again" the crest upon the hotel notepaper informs me.

Which is poetic—but misleading.

For, believe me, Nile's green water is the last thing one would dare to ask for in this haunt of millionaires. To order anything cheaper than the Widow Cliquot or a bottle of 1914 Delbec gets what you might call a cold hand from the staff!

Indeed, from the moment one sets foot among the Pharoahs, money flows (from you) far faster than their dear old Nile.

But why worry? Aquatically speaking, best be in the swim, or just as well stay home.

And you must admit it isn't given to everyone (however young or charming) to be serenaded on arrival by a hundred night-gowned gentlemen upon a floating raft!

Nor to be rowed ashore by a couple of ear-ringed brigands who keep up a volley of crackling repartee in Arabic each time we hit another craft!

A characteristic portrait of May Christie, who is to contribute short stories to INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Speaking of brigands, an even heartier welcome awaited me in Cairo. The frenzied scrum that kicked and fought over who would take my luggage made a rugger scrum look like a children's birthday treat! Flattered but uneasy, I watched the victor—bearded and patriarchal—bear off upon his person my three suit cases, trunk and dressing case. Upon his turban perched my small typewriter—indeed, nothing human could be seen of Father Abraham except his bare brown feet!

Alas! such gaiety, such trust were quite misplaced. For a policeman with a bamboo cane bore down upon us in that railway station, snatched the "noiseless portable" from off the head of Father Abraham, and with his open palm upon that face (which emitted loud, startled whinnyings) he dealt a series of resounding smacks! Trunks, Paris frocks and unmentionables flew right and left! Cries! Imprecations! Curses!

I intervened, rebuking the minion of the law, who, flourishing the bamboo cane, vociferated: "I save you, lady! He bad fellow! He robber! I teach him no steal your trunks!"

(Well...well! We live and learn, don't we?)

And now to tell of Gingerbread, my close companion in these parts. I am quite fond of him by now, although—at our first introduction, when he screamed loud and furiously at the mere sight of me—I was terrified of him.

A big creature, auburn in coloring, flat-nosed, with wicked eyes, we have an almost daily session, he and I. His legs are long and thin, his gait is ambling, and he has four feet. Humps, too. Several kinds of humps—for Gingerbread is temperamental.

The start-off, right on the edge of the desert, with all the sheiks and sons of the sheiks and camel boys clamoring around for their piastres is what might be called a sporting event. In order to delicately engage your attention, without being too obtrusive, as it were, these gentry of the desert

a ring of squawking camels round you, forcing the protesting animals to their knees so that (since you are the high jumper of the local athletic club back home) you can only be released by mounting atop of such a one as Gingerbread! A cute device!

The noise is indescribable. The sand flies up in clouds. The wails of the rejected rend the air. Gingerbread, bored with the daily scene, gives vague to highest heaven.

Then you are off at a breath-taking trot, and all the sheiks come following, their heelless bedroom slippers galumphing along the sand behind you. Beautiful, distingué, dignified—perhaps! But proud? Oh, no! Not royally proud! They will follow you to the Sphinx and back for ten centsires, a whole troop of them! Who am I to contradict the Misses Hull and Dell, and dare to state that if you go right on thinking of the sheiks as haughty, arrogant fellows, you were never so mistaken in your life? Far be it... The sheiks, even as you and I, must turn an honest penny—or piastre, to be accurate. They do their job. And well done, too. We're all well done, when the day's over.

Miss May Christie, who in private life is Mrs. John Mazzavini, wife of a Wall Street, New York, broker, mounted upon "Gingerbread" beside the great Pyramid and the Sphinx, which is in the hands of local beauty specialists.

Which is as it should be—from the sheiks' point of view.

But in this land of palms (and you can take it from me that though their income tax is based on the number and height of their date palms, the ever-open palm is the most fruitful source of income to these Pharoahs!) I give the palm to one Moses, master and owner of Gingerbread!

He is young and handsome, and he has a tongue that—metaphorically—drips with honey. Possessed of no fewer than five mothers (one genuine, and four "steps"), he is in the unique position of knowing the "ne plus ultra" of feminine psychology. Indeed, at the risk of being trite, one might definitely state that, no matter what one may find on Gingerbread, there are no flies on Moses, and the time-honored ditty is correct for once!

"Beautiful and charming lady, for two shillings I will tell your fortune," he murmurs, as he "Chassés" along the sand beside you. "Put your hand down and I will read it as I walk."

You do so—and without being exactly flinty, realize that the Moses who drew water from a rock some thousands of years ago (somewhere around this very spot, wasn't it?) has a fitting descendant here in this, his great-great-and-etc.-grandson.

"You will have three sons," says Moses, bringing to a close some rather startling news items which need not be detailed, as time is valuable, "and these three sons will make much, much money for you." Then, briskly: "Now as I have been a very good boy, and given you a fine fortune, and these three sons to make much money for you, you must pay me *three* shillings for the three sons, instead of the two shillings that you promised!"

Clever Moses! Trailing between the Sphinx and Pyramids in your long white night-gown, with a sort of Scotch scone on your head, you are far from being simple! You are as old and *wise* as Egypt—land of sunsets, deserts, date palms, baksheesh, and—the EVER OPEN PALM!

THE RED PENCIL

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This was the last story written by the late Mr. William Le Queux and the British Empire rights have been purchased by "India Monthly Magazine."

This only within [illegible] brought me [illegible] of Great Lakes of Geneva in [illegible] the street of Geneva in [illegible] morning.

I had [illegible] the years of [illegible] Hotel [illegible] that I am.

[illegible] I walk my right [illegible] the early hour. [illegible] the process [illegible]

[illegible] upon the [illegible] away towards [illegible]

[illegible] the haze and fret of London [illegible] which so many look upon [illegible] because they do not know [illegible] over a letter which I had received [illegible] the previous night, and which had been [illegible] me for many days.

[illegible] wanderer that I am, it recalled to me [illegible] restaurants, concerts, cabarets in Paris, London and New York, in the company of one who was most dear to me, but who had married and gone out of my life not so very long ago. That letter aroused within me the sound of her golden voice, the remembrance of that sweet smile she used to give me in the days when she threw her lace arms around me and loved me. But that love-book had been given to another, and now days I only live a life crowded with bitter memories [illegible] a [illegible] across Europe. Time were the golden hours [illegible] to be by another more fortunate than myself, better endowed with this world's goods, the possession of those two necessaries of life, a Rolls Royce and a rent-roll, yet after all I existed [illegible]

I had put away the letter, and without a sigh, and sipping my coffee, was enjoying the wonderful morning air of the Hôtel Savoie, with the glorious panorama of lake and mountains before me, when, of a sudden, I heard voices raised in discussion in Italian, a language of which I possess some little knowledge.

Close by, yet half-hidden by some tall [illegible] I noticed for the first time two elderly men. One was typically English about sixty, half-bald, and of distinctly aristocratic bearing whose face I fancied I had seen somewhere before; the other, square, round-faced, clean-shaven, with well-groomed black hair was evidently a foreigner. The Englishman wore a light grey suit, while the other was in neat black with a crimson-and-white button in his lapel. That they were both wealthy and well-bred, and that the foreigner held the title of Marchese I realised at once. Notwithstanding the fact that I had no interest in their conversation, I could not help overhearing a somewhat heated argument concerning international politics, which disclosed the attitude of the younger man in the Senate in Rome, of which he was evidently an important member. I say this because I heard his friend remark in Italian:—

"Well, Excellency, if you are actually against us how can we possibly succeed? I saw the Duce only the day before yesterday. He came to Lausanne, *incognito*, and stayed the night with his friend Baroni. No one knew that he had left Rome. He instructed me to see you in secret and explain his views. I have done so, and there my mission ends."

And he threw out his slim hands and exhibited both his palms.

Just then, there appeared in merry mood a tall dark, extremely handsome young girl in a fresh summer gown of apricot *crêpe-de-chine*, hatless and full of the energy born of that perfect morning.

"Why, my dear Uncle Philip!" she cried, addressing the grey-faced Englishman. "How early you are! You were still watching baccarat at the Kursaal when I left at two—and here you are already over your coffee!"

"I had a conference out here with the Marchese," he replied in English, laughing. "But come and sit down, my dear Marigold," and he clapped his hands for the waiter, who instantly appeared and bowed to his order to bring another *café-complet*.

World-traveller that I am, I, as an onlooker, see most of the game, and here I would fain confess that a pretty face always intrigues me, and Marigold was certainly pretty. Living as I do, year in

year out, in big hotels on the Continent, where dancing takes place each afternoon as well as by night. I see youth in all its varying phases, and I consider it a somewhat rash thing for middle-age to pronounce verdicts about what youth is thinking. Our young people nevertheless, whatever the kill-joys may say, are not really fundamentally less moral than on the forgotten days of the "Blue Danube" waltz, and the old smelly horse-busses. The latter were all very well in their way, but men and women now lead freer and less constrained lives than they did. To-day girls are not fools, and know their own minds before taking the drastic step of matrimony—even though their critics may mistrust them by their slang vocabulary, —or their lack of it.

While the sprightly dark-eyed Marigold took her coffee and ate her roll and honey, her uncle and the Marchese continued their discussion, rather guardedly. They spoke together concerning Great Britain's rupture with Moscow, but this girl whom the Marchese had addressed as Lady Marigold was, like myself, quite uninterested, and after finishing her *dé jeuner* she took out a beautiful cigarette-case in Geneva enamel of peacock-blue and smoked serenely, her eyes gazing over the vast expanse of sapphire waters.

Hidden as I was behind those bushes of sweet-smelling roses at a table in a niche that was, no doubt, often occupied by honey-mooning couples, I watched her.

Though she could have no possible interest in the political discussion which bore considerably upon the attitude of Italy towards the Soviets, she sat there with knit brows, while the blue smoke curled from her pretty lips. I saw, however, that she weighed every argument between the pair.

After a rather heated discussion, the two men laughed heartily—apparently in entire agreement.

"Mussolini is a genius, my dear Marchese," declared the girl's uncle in very good Italian. "Think what he has done for your country! At my private audience with His Majesty at San Rassore, a fortnight ago, he told me that he agreed entirely with Great Britain's policy towards Russia. Yet with you in Italy there is a terrible danger—as you know—eh, *caro mio?*"

The round-faced man pursed his lips at the Englishman's words.

The girl suddenly put out her hand across the table to grasp that of her uncle.

"Take care of your dear old self, Uncle Phillip," she said in a low voice full of deep earnestness. "Let me warn you. I know—through Benvenuto!"

"Benvenuto! Bosh, my dear Marigold!" cried the Englishman. "He is only one of your silly dancing admirers. What can he know—a sub-marine lieutenant?"

"Well, we shall see you at the League of Nations to-morrow," remarked the Marchese, disregarding the discussion between the Englishman and his niece. "If you would save Italy you must support our party! I know how terribly difficult it is, for at once you will have the French against you. But if you will support the Duce, then we shall be able to combat underground Russia in Rome."

"That you can never do," interrupted the girl boldly. "You all go to the meetings of the League doped and blindfolded—and like ostriches bury your heads in the sand! It is really pathetic!"

"My dear Marigold!" exclaimed her elderly uncle reprovingly. "Whatever do you mean? How dare you criticise our politics when you know nothing whatever about them?"

"Dare! Why, my dear uncle, you are just playing into the hands of Italy's worst enemy, Russia. They all know it at Geneva. You should compel the Duce to strike against Moscow, as we have done. Italy should follow our example."

"Exactly my view, Lady Marigold. Brava!" cried the Marchese enthusiastically.

At those words, the elderly well-bred Englishman rose abruptly saying:

"I am in no mood for further discussion, my dear Marchese. Let us all take a walk in the woods, and let's talk of something else!"

Then they turned and disappeared down a narrow-winding path into the delightful shade of the whispering pines.

My pleasant room overlooking the lake—now sapphire in the sunshine with the white town of Lausanne on the hill-side of the opposite shore—was delightful, and I sat down to my daily work, the writing of a new novel. The latter was nearly complete and I longed to get back to my summer quarters by the sea at Knocke, on the Belgian sand-dunes.

That evening, amid the gay crowd at the Casino, I saw Lady Marigold beautifully gowned, dancing with a well-dressed young Italian whom I took to be Benvenuto, for the smart world at Evian is nothing if not cosmopolitan. Her name, I had ascertained, was Lady Marigold Cargill, daughter of the popular Countess of Wrafton, one of the leaders of London Society. In her uncle's identity I had not been mistaken, for he was none other than Viscount Ulverscroft, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, while his companion had been the Marchese di Pontedera, the Italian Minister of Finance.

For the next two days I saw nothing of either man. At lunch and dinner Lady Marigold sat alone, for her uncle and his colleague were over at Geneva, attending the Conference.

On the third morning, however, I noticed the two men breakfasting together upon the terrace, deep in conversation, while Marigold and the

young fellow, who seemed constantly to dance attendance upon her, took their coffee in a secluded little arbour near by.

Later that morning as I was writing by the open window, a waiter entered with a note upon a salver. It was addressed to me in a firm feminine hand, and on tearing it open, I was surprised to find the following written in English upon the hotel paper:

[illegible] I hope you will excuse my addressing you, for I am a complete stranger. I am, however, in greatest danger, and knowing you to be a gentleman, I would beg of you to grant me two minutes of your time in order to speak with you in confidence about a subject which is of vital interest to me and

Will you kindly give a reply to the waiter?—

[illegible] Poynter.

This was a [illegible] I re-read it, [illegible] a reply [illegible]

"Tell [illegible] Mademoiselle who [illegible]

"Mademoiselle is English and alone, monsieur. [illegible] yesterday, and [illegible] was his reply.

"[illegible] I [illegible] suspicion of any [illegible] the earnest [illegible] of her letter attracted me, and I said:

"[illegible] Mademoiselle, that I will see her now."

"[illegible] *monsieur*," replied the man bowing, and he retired and closed the door.

I rose, glanced around to see that my sitting-room was tidy and then walked to the open window. Upon the centre table the hotel management had placed a great bowl of yellow roses, the fragrance of which filled the room.

A few moments later the door re-opened, and a demurely-dressed and extremely modest girl of perhaps twenty-three was ushered in. Though not bad-looking she would perhaps have been voted plain by most men, possibly because her dark hair was brushed severely back and she was dressed entirely in rather rusty black. She wore a close-fitting little felt hat and a blouse of black *crêpe-de chine* which had lost its freshness, she evidently being in mourning.

Her distress was apparent, but as soon as the waiter left us and I bade her take a chair, she came quickly towards me, and with a strange intense look upon her pale countenance, exclaimed:

"It is very good of you to see me. You don't know how deeply I appreciate it. I have something—something urgent to tell you," she added in a whisper, glancing around as though in fear of eavesdroppers.

"About what?" I inquired in surprise, [illegible] somewhat suspicious of my mysterious [illegible]

"About a certain well-known person in this hotel. I have come here from London alone. I am a London business girl—a City typist. [illegible] drew money from the Savings Bank, and came out here to watch—and try to avert a—a most terrible catastrophe! I saw your name in the visitors' list, so I determined to try and see you and tell you!"

Her deep earnestness impressed me instantly.

"My dear Miss Poynter, I will, of course, respect your confidence. In what manner can I assist you? What catastrophe do you fear?"

For a few seconds she remained silent, then she picked nervously at her skirt, drew a long breath and looked at me with big-grey frightened eyes.

"They mean to kill Lord Ulverscroft to-night," she blurted forth. "I—I can't prevent it, as nobody would believe me. But you can save him. His life is in your hand!"

"What do you mean, Miss Poynter?" I cried, staring at her. "Who are you?"

"Only a typist," was her reply. "A year ago I made the acquaintance of Nicholas, my friend. He was a young Russian, an officer who got me employment in the offices of Arcos. He was a son of the Bolshevik Governor of Minsk, but a week after I got my job he was taken mysteriously ill, and died in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He was poisoned! I was forced to take the oath to the Soviets on entering upon my duties, and remained there until the police raided our offices. Before being expelled, I dealt with some secret correspondence in the Finnish language which I happen to know, for my father was a Finn and my mother English, I being born at Tammerfors. My father changed his name before the war. The documents concerned plots against the British Home Secretary and Foreign Minister who, in the event of a raid expected upon the Soviet Offices in London, were both to be secretly assassinated."

"You actually know the details of the conspiracy!" I cried starting up in alarm.

"I know everything," was her excited reply. "Except that I do not yet know who has been chosen to effect the *coup!* The Bolsheviks are now desperate, as you are well aware."

"What are their intentions? Tell me all that you know?" I urged. Her words of warning staggered me. The girl with inborn patriotism had withdrawn her savings, and had come out to Evian upon a desperate adventure, to save the life of one of Britain's greatest statesmen.

My demure little visitor with her well-worn dark-green handbag, glanced anxiously around the room and then, in a gasping voice asked:

I had a conference and have with the Shawnees

he was a man from Scotland Yard specially detailed to keep surveillance upon his lordship.

As the day wore on I had my suspicions further aroused by discovering Lady Marigold's young Italian friend Benvenuto Giordoni as he appeared in the list of guests, in serious whispered conversation with a dark-haired, undersized little man, who was evidently a Russian. Indeed I caught them together twice, the first time in the hotel garden, and on the second occasion soon after lunch. I saw them strolling together in the narrow main street of the delightful little village.

Of Miss Poynter I saw nothing. She had apparently gone to her room and there had eaten her meal alone. No doubt she was considering whether or not she should disclose the plot to Lord Ulverscroft himself.

That proved a most anxious day. The desperate attempt at reprisal was to be made that night—the night of the twentieth—yet in what manner I knew not. I felt that my proper course was to seek the Foreign Secretary, and urge him to leave Evian suddenly for some unknown destination, and thus thwart the plotters, whoever they might be. Yet, without Miss Poynter's statement, my story might not receive credence.

Should I take the detective into my confidence? I could, however, hardly do that without obtaining the girl's permission, and in her excited and agitated sate I knew it was of no use to approach her further, until she had made up her mind whether or not to make a clean breast of all she knew.

As the hours wore on I felt certain that the young Italian was keeping a watchful eye upon my movements, and in this he was joined by Lady Marigold, who once or twice eyed me with suspicion as I sat alone smoking in the great hotel lounge.

Her uncle, I learned from the *concierge*, had gone with the Marchese di Pontedera over to Lausanne and would return in time for dinner. Once Lady Marigold glanced furtively across at me through her cigarette smoke, and then bending towards her companion whispered something at which he nodded slowly. I grew annoyed at this surveillance upon me, the more so because, if I met the young typist, our acquaintanceship would certainly be noticed.

Apparently the young man Benvenuto entertained suspicion that some evil was intended against Lady Marigold's uncle, and having warned her, believed me to be one of the conspirators. As far as I knew, the young typist had not been seen by any of those interested, for she certainly had not taken her meals in the great *salle-à-manger*, nor had she betrayed her presence in the lounge.

In the late afternoon, Lady Marigold with her young Italian friend sauntered down to the landing-stage to meet the steamer crossing from Lausanne by which the Foreign Secretary and the Marchese were travelling, while I took a stroll in the [illegible] around the hotels, trying to decide upon the [illegible] judicious course to pursue.

At any hour the attempt might be made—and might be late!

Such a thought was appalling. I knew the [illegible] of his lordship was intended, and if the plot were successful then the blame would certainly be upon my head.

I was seated upon a bench beneath a great [illegible] a little back from the winding woodland path, smoking a cigarette and much perturbed, when suddenly, I espied a neat figure in black, which I at once recognized as Miss Poynter strolling pensively along in the direction of the hotel.

I sprang to my feet to rush towards her, for at that unfrequented spot our meeting would be a clandestine one, when, at the same instant, I saw a man following her noiselessly, evidently watching her every movement.

In a moment I drew back, for I recognized him as the little, stocky, dark-haired man whom I took to be a Russian.

And he was following her!

My first impulse was to shout, and give her warning. But I held my tongue and hid behind the tree. As I watched, the man approached her ordering her angrily in Russian to halt, which she did, whereupon a brief altercation ensued in which the man's threatening attitude greatly frightened her.

She was discovered!

Seeing this, I left my hiding-place and ran down to where they stood.

Hearing sounds behind them, both turned. It was an exciting moment, for the girl recognizing me, shrieked:

"Oh! save me from these terrible people! They have found me, and will kill me because I have told you the truth!"

"Who are you?" I demanded fiercely of the short, black-haired fellow. "Why do you molest this lady?"

"He is Ivan Vieff, the man who has been chosen to kill Lord Ulverscroft to-night!" declared the ex-typist of Arcos vehemently. "Let him deny it, if he can! I told you the truth this morning—and here is the man!"

For a few seconds he faced me in silence, his dark eyes flashing hatred into mine. Then, turning to her, he said in broken English:

"Very well, mademoiselle, you have betrayed our secret! The Loubianka will remember this! It has a very long arm, and a deadly one! You have been in Moscow—and you know. The Tcheka will await you, if not to-day—then to-morrow!"

Then dashing to the window, he flung it out

The Red Pencil

Then, bowing mockingly to us, a moment later he strode down a narrow side-path which led through the trees to the lake, but followed quickly by the man from Scotland Yard, who seemed to have sprung from nowhere.

"In any case, Miss Poynter, you have prevented the *coup* from being effected!" I cried, congratulating her. "That man is in evident fear of you! You have behaved magnificently," I declared. "You must see Lord Ulverscroft, and he will personally thank you."

"I have, I am certain, brought upon myself the vengeance of the O.G.P.U.—the secret terrorist police!" she said despairingly.

"Our police will protect you, never fear," I assured her. "But how did you recognize him?"

"Because he is chief of the espionage department of the Tcheka attached to Arcos. It was his archives which were hidden behind the thick steel and concrete walls which the detectives broke through, the details of plots intended against members of the British Government and prominent politicians. Ivan Vieff is the son of a Czarist official, and at Kharkov joined the Bolshevik group who began to exercise terrorist power in 1918. He was one of the organisers of the "torture sections" of the Tcheka, for the activities of which Chinese torturers are employed, and is a commissar and a fierce Anglophobe," she explained, as we walked back together to the hotel.

"I will arrange for Lord Ulverscroft to see you after dinner," I said.

But she still hesitated.

"No," she replied. I will return to London. You can explain to him what I have done to avert disaster. Or, perhaps, the English police-officer who has gone after Vieff will tell him?"

We were back in the hotel, and sat together in the big palm court.

"But really Miss Poynter I must insist upon you seeing Lord Ulverscroft yourself," I said. "It is only due to you that he should thank you. I will see to it. Say at ten o'clock—eh? I will find you here in the lounge and take you up to his rooms."

She looked at me very strangely, I thought.

"To-night is the night of the twentieth—the night of the intended *coup!*" she remarked reflectively, as from her green hand-bag she took out a neat somewhat thick silver pencil, and was about to write some memorandum upon a little ivory tablet.

Suddenly she hesitated, and was on the point of replacing it in her bag, when I remarked:

"What a handsome pencil?"

"Yes," she laughed. "They are made in Russia, and used by Arcos. It is the only one I have, otherwise I would give it to you as a souvenir."

And she replaced it, closing her bag with a snap.

"You will meet me here at ten o'clock?" I asked returning to the subject of our discussion.

Yet she still hesitated. At last, with great reluctance, she replied:

"I have to go down to the village to meet a friend, and I may be delayed."

"I thought you had no friends here," I remarked.

"A man I know is coming over from Lausanne to-night to play baccarat at the Casino. He has wired me to meet him," she answered. So I cannot meet you at ten, but I'll be here at eleven.

"Very well," I said. "I'll meet you."

And we parted.

That the deliberate attempt to murder Lord Ulverscroft had been thwarted, naturally gave me the greatest gratification, and on finding his secretary I was at once introduced to the great statesman, whose photograph appeared in the papers so constantly.

Both heard me with considerable surprise, and when I had concluded, his lordship turned to his companion and said:

"Lady Marigold was right, after all! There is a plot against me! Yet, Charlesworth, supposed to be one of the shrewdest men of the Special Branch of Scotland Yard expressed the opinion only yesterday that the suspicions had no foundation in fact. I shall be most delighted to meet this interesting young employée of Arcos, and thank her for her efforts on my behalf. I also thank you," he said. "I will be in my room at eleven to-night."

Half-an-hour later when I entered the great *table d'hote* for dinner, I gazed eagerly around, but the young English girl who had behaved so nobly was not there. She was still bent upon keeping out of the way, due in all probability to the fact that she had no evening gown.

Lord Ulverscroft who as usual sat at table with the Marchese and his niece Lady Marigold, nodded familiarly to me when I caught his eye. Afterwards I saw Lady Marigold dancing with the young Italian while her uncle and the Italian Minister took their coffee together in the palm-court. I wondered whether the Foreign Secretary had told his colleague of his narrow escape, and I also wondered whom it could be that Miss Poynter was meeting at the Casino.

I wandered down there, and from nine till nearly half-past ten o'clock strolled about the handsome salons, but saw nothing of her. Therefore, I returned to the hotel and waited until eleven.

So shy was she, and so reluctant to meet the famous statesman that I feared lest she should fail to keep the appointment.

Nevertheless quite punctually she entered the lounge, a neat demure little figure still in deep

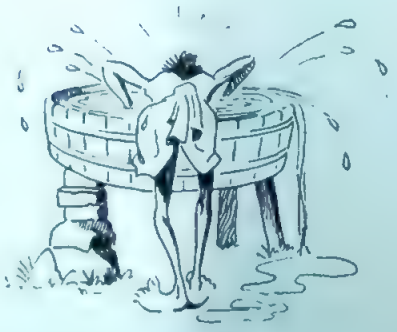
(Continued on page 87.)

Getting things done in India

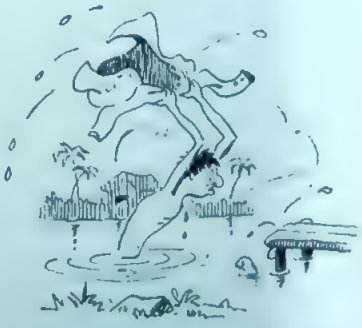
Can he dry-clean a winter suit?

Yes —

He'll make it like new.



A little washing —



Few hours beating —

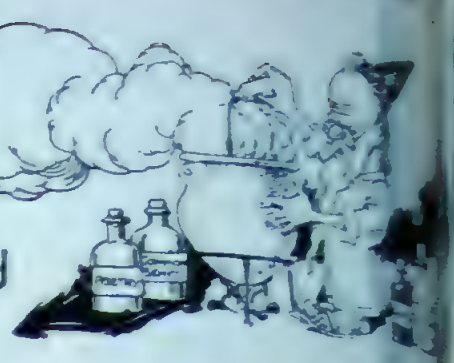
And here

it is —

like NEW

H.G.D.ISMS

A pot pourri of Philtered Philosophy



The best sort of a break is obtained by giving somebody else one.

The easiest way to discover a good quality in somebody else is to look for it.

Equally like Cupid, in association with many other things, most those who are members of Parliament.

The only [illegible] possessed [illegible] the eager [illegible] of an average [illegible] the world would be a pleasanter place to live in.

Those who like to hear themselves speak enjoy listening to a fool.

The greatest sense of satisfaction obtainable is the thrill experienced in satisfying somebody else.

When recently married couples begin to favour the modern idea of *giving each other vacations*, one of our eyes looks toward Reno and the other focuses Paris.

A force more uplifting than law itself is the ever-present fear of *what other people think*.

The thought is always present where the inclination lurks.

The most difficult to convince is he who listens while the other fellow talks.

A prejudiced viewpoint is what we see at the other end of a reversed telescope.

The most deadly antithesis to the first law of nature is an uncontrollable tongue.

HOW SMALL A THING

The other night I dream't a dream
Which took me up on high;
And down below I watched, like ants,
We humans from the sky.
And by my side there ticked a clock;
Each minute marked a year.
And every hundred years it struck
A toll upon my ear.

At first I looked in vain to find
Some people great of name.
But tiny specks were all I saw
And each one looked the same.
And every score of years or so
A change I searched to find.
For well I knew that people die
And leave a gap behind.

But, strange to say, no gaps I found.
The specks moved on apace.
And for each one that faded out
Were two to take its place.
I thought of changing fashions,
Of wars and plagues and such;
And yet, though such things happened,
From thence they meant not much.

And as each century came and passed
The thought flashed through my mind,
That of the specks I'd seen at first
Not one remained behind.
And as the herded mass seethed on
In interwoven strife,
It came to me how small a thing
Was any single life.

H.G.D.

"Old Masters" are divided into three categories:—Paintings, Sea Captains and Perennial Bachelors.

The biggest obstacle of any is usually born of imagination.

The easiest thing to keep is something we want to lose.

A pretty woman's inner m[illegible] is like an intriguing nove[illegible] of fascinating possibilities.

A strong personality [illegible] makes the other chap [illegible] when you hump against [illegible].

Money may not be a passport to the kingdom of happiness, but it is an excellent letter of introduction to the king.

About ninety per cent of human ambition is the desire to be loved.

The simplest of human traits are those most difficult to acquire.

There's a lot to be said for these modernist married couples, who live together but entertain apart, but let's not say it here.

The term "Rubber" [illegible] applied to Bridge probably came into common usage on account of the length of time some people take to play a hand.

If he's not a liar he's not a weakling.

Every human heart is a broadcasting station, and searching wave lengths makes the world go round.

Things that last longest are sparingly used.

The mysterious and the unexpected is of the essence of the Himalayas. The character of the mountains is reflected in their people; a nearness to nature begets a simplicity in life which is not usually found elsewhere. Here we see a woman of the hills making use of Nature's simple resources to induce sleep in her children. Split bamboo stems convey a gentle stream of the hill water across the heads of her children who, thus comforted, sleep peacefully whilst their mothers chat and sew.

PICTURES FROM KASHMIR.

Poplars and white irises.

A beggar at Tangmarg.

Mountain pastures.

An Indian Idyll

Purple shadows falling [illegible]
[illegible] land,
Sunset rays reflecting with [illegible]
[illegible]
From the days hot toiling, weary [illegible]
eyes [illegible]
Silence all enthralling in a perfect
peace.

Groups of women laden from a near
bazar,
Slowly wending home to villages afar
Graceful their appearance, swathed in
sarries gay,
Poising on veiled heads, red pottery of
clay.

Distant gleams the temple 'gainst an
opal sky,
Minarets displaying white & pointing
high,
Bells their message pealing, o'er the
stilly air,
Worshippers responding, bowing low
in prayer

A. E. Moore.

A Tea Garden Worker in the Dooars.

LA MODE FAIT LA FEMME

BY— MLLE. NAGENE

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

T[illegible]

⁂

[illegible]

⁂

[illegible] of autumn's time. The newest [illegible] foot-gear com[illegible] [illegible] that

is tempted to smile at the [illegible] perversity of it—the [illegible] course. Now that [illegible] has given herself to [illegible] makers of novelties are [illegible] much imagination to [illegible] something new under [illegible]

A watchmaker [illegible] has found it. [illegible] drives her [illegible] leave her [illegible] watch at [illegible] wear her [illegible] The face of the [illegible]

⁂

[illegible]

⁂

A delightful undergarment which obviates the necessity of wearing so many extra layers of silk . . . This Singlette, introduced by Paul Poiret, is a combination of brassière, belt and panties. It is of glove silk and ensures a perfect foundation for one's gowns. Certainly, it is the modern garment for the modern woman.

[illegible] women sponsor this time of year.

⁂

[illegible]

This tailored [illegible] upon us like a [illegible] forgets that [illegible]

the empty shell of the trim turn-out, no matter how much time you have put into the choosing of it, my friend. Think of the accessories you must have—the jewel, for example, the necklace, earrings, hat ornament, bracelets, etc. All must be perfect, very tailored, not like the ones worn at other moments. Gloves, bag, stockings, scarf—all must harmonize. Oh, it's not so easy to be well-dressed in a tailored costume. . . .

❁ ❁ ❁

The little vest worn under the jacket deserves a chapter all to its charming self. There are gilets of piqué, of brocade, of satin; some very mannish indeed, others furbished with buttons of contrasting color or bound with braid. Some have deep points, others are rounded, but each has an individuality in keeping with the costume. Blouses, the very newest ones are made to tuck under the skirt band. That may seem a revolutionary bit of news and yet it is so. The blouse hangs in soft folds over the skirt, concealing the waistline. It is an indication of more normal, natural lines, the slender reader will be delighted to hear.

❁ ❁ ❁

Indeed, the demi-saison is the great period of unrest. . . . . One must watch carefully in order to pierce through the maze of details, to glean from trends what the later month will unfold. If the general lines have not changed, at least radically, we are sure that the waistline is creeping up, the little *puofs* at the back mean something surely, the lengthened evening gown is no longer astonishing. There has been considerable bluster, you will remember, that the mode was to see a complete change. One was prepared, one waited. All machinations, my gentle one. When a mode is to come, the public eye must be educated—not shocked.

One great quality about the present mode is the youthful effect it has upon us all. A *debutante* might wear the same gown and be sumptuously smart, while a lady of riper years and—er, experience, would wear it quite as well. There is no longer that terrible dividing line; it has disappeared so that all is youth, —beautiful, fascinating youth!

❁ ❁ ❁

Velvet, velvet all is velvet. But not the thick material of other years. The sheen of the new fabric is enchanting and it is thin, fragile and as supple as Crêpe-de-Chine. The chiffon brocaded velvet will be used extensively for evening gowns, for the elegant *robe de maison* and for evening cloaks. This sumptuousness makes madame quite happy, for nothing is quite as flattering as velvet and.....she likes flattery, especially when it has a grain of truth. . . .

❁ ❁ ❁

Gold is to be the important thing in the mode this season. I say "in the mode" because we are discussing fashions. . . . Everything is gold, and lamé materials are smart for many occasions. Gold mesh has been introduced upon gowns, golden leather ornaments adorn tailor suits and street dresses, golden threads are knitted in one's sports sweaters. Golden feathers, golden fringe—what more? Even a golden slipper must be worn upon the feet. . . .

❁ ❁ ❁

It will well behoove milady to take a good look at Grandmother's treasure chest as soon as possible. Last season it was ransacked in the search for cameos and old-fashioned jewelry —long earrings and the like; these are still in vogue. But now you must take another look for that lace tulle, that soft, becoming shoulder drapery you see in old portraits. It may be or [illegible] *d'esprit*, or rare old lace, or [illegible] is made in these days, of chiffon. It should be draped roundly over the shoulder and brought down to tie in front, with the ends hanging below the waistline. Little shawls are *chic*, too, and we behold, little by little, the very modern girl in the demure garments of another century. . . . Her sophistication, however, will help her to conquests that Grandmother never dreamed of. . . .

❁ ❁ ❁

One of the greatest jewellers in Paris, Mauboussin, has something to tell us about the modern jewel. He says that there is a new understanding between the *couturier* and the jeweller so that each costume may have its ornaments to harmonize. This is as it should be, so that the ladies will no longer buy emeralds, rubies and other jewels to be worn indiscriminately with any frock. Modern stones are being cut and engraved like the ancient ones—the artist will cut a tree, a flower or a mysterious beast upon the stones, according to their size and shape. If madame is very, very clever, she will adopt a fetish of her own and this will appear upon her jewels as well as upon her little chemise and nightgown, the latter delicately embroidered.

❁ ❁ ❁

One of the most amusing bags for afternoon wear is absolutely round. It is made of soft deerskin and the frame forms a semi-circle either of gold or tortoise-shell. A carved, open-work monogram hangs upon its side and there is a little strap at the back through which one may slip the hand. The immense bags of silk or Cashmere, with their bone or shell frames are still very smart and would you believe that Paris is showing parasols which collapse so that they may be carried in this very bag? Yes.

La Mode Fait la Femme

[illegible] after all, the moment is [illegible] as well as superbly smart.

* * *

Panama straw, after several [illegible] of negligence is launched [illegible] the mode and rivals the [illegible] felt hat for sports wear. [illegible] have often wondered why [illegible] charming straw was left [illegible] for so long; it is cool and [illegible] and the ladies will be delighted to know that the Panama is back—apparently to remain. It will be seen at the winter resorts of the Riviera, deliciously trimmed with foulard scarves.

* * *

The new hats are legion. The turban, jealous of the popularity of the broad brimmed rivals, has still an important word to say in the Autumn modes. The hats with brims are posed at a rakish angle, almost concealing one pretty eye. Trimming has replaced the plain effect we were so tired of and the flat fantaisie of feathers is very smart. A jewel is still the most interesting ornament, however. The Parisienne spends much time choosing it—the little "temple d'amour" remains in great vogue.

Bien chere Musette :

Merci de votre charmante lettre. Combien la vie aux Indes doit être intéressante! Je voudrais bien avoir suffisament de loisier pour venir vous voir dans ce pays de rêves, Enchantement. Hélàs, la vie d'élégance feminine m'absorbe et m'occupe terriblement. J'arrive à Paris après des voyages dans les villes d'eau. J'ai passé un mois au Lido. Qu'il fait beau, là-bas! Les Toilettes étaient ravissantes, surtout les pyjamas, car tout le monde porte des vêtements de fantaisie jusqu'au soir. Alors, à l'heure de diner, que de robes Somptueuses, de bijoux éblouissants! Dans les grandes salles bien éclairées, l'effet est tout-à-fait féerique. Le tailleur de soie etait très chic; on se lasse un peu des robes imprimées, des ensembles éternels..... Mais tout ceci est un peu d'histoire ancienne, et voici que les grands Couturiers nous font voir les collections de demi-saison.

Très interessants, ces collections, mais rien de précisement nouveau encore. Il nous faut attendre l'hiver, cependant, les tendences qu'on entrevoit sont assez marquées. Ampleur dans le dos, par example. Le manteau de chez Jenny sert un peu comme guide.

Le mouchoir de sport reste de grande mode. Certaines maisons font la pointe en jersey pour qu'elle s'applique mieux à l'épaule. Comme coloris, comme dessins, comment voulez-vous que je décrive tout cela? On voit des jolies nuances combinées avec un gout exquis, mais chaque femme porte son mouchoir d'une façon personnelle, toujours d'une manière ravissante. Envoyez moi une bonne, longue lettre, n'est-ce pas?

Avec mille choses affectueuses, je suis, comme toujours,

Nagère.

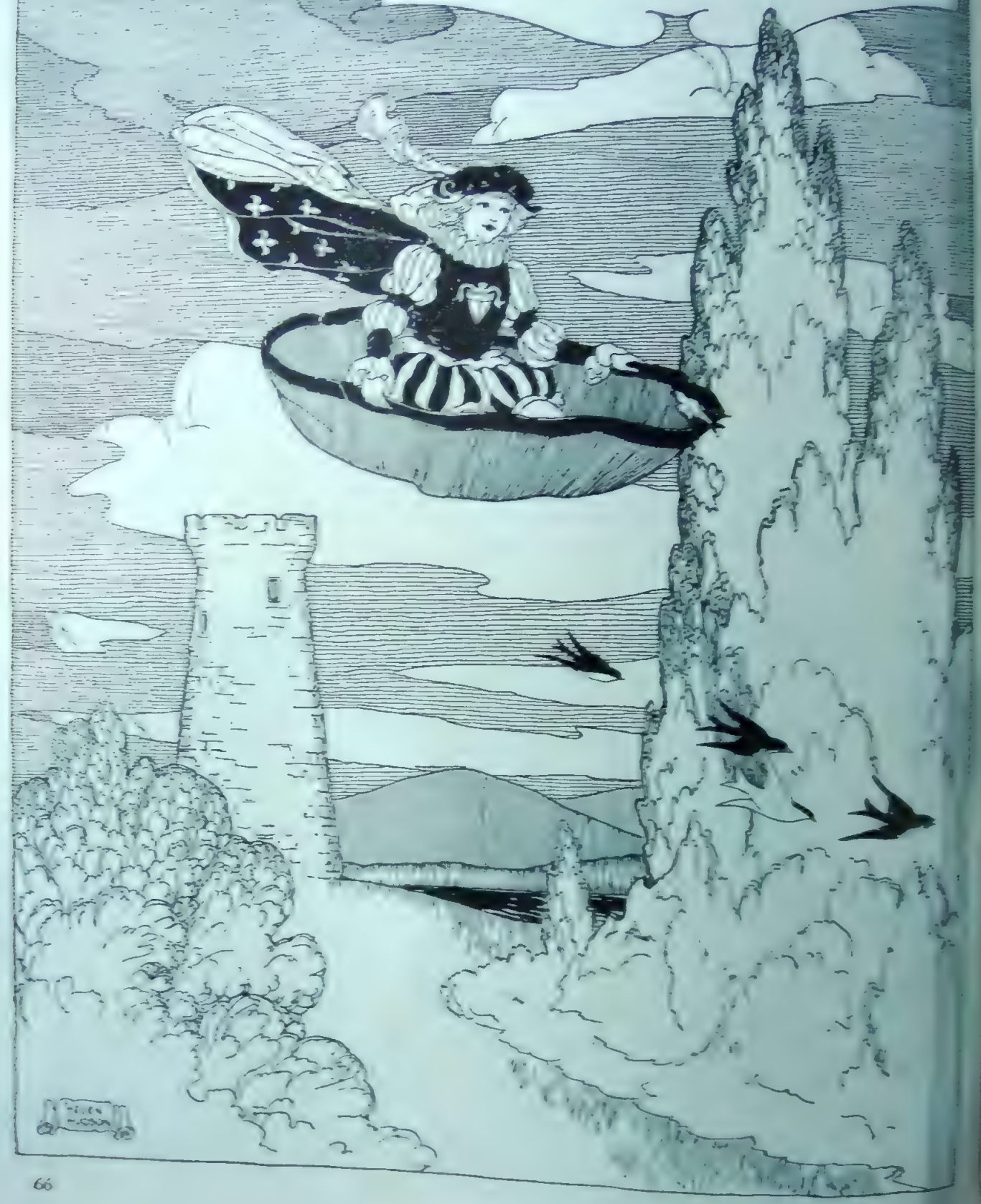
Like Homer of old, this blind drummer in the deserted city of Fatehpur Sikri, seems to be chanting the glories that are past.

Our Children's Corner

PUZZLE—

FIND THE FAIRY GODMOTHER AND THE UNCLE

By HELEN HUDSON

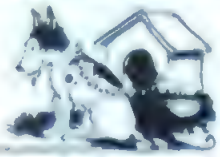


A is for Animals that live in the Zoo

B is for Bears, who'd like to hug you

C is for Camel, come take a ride

D is for Dog, in his kennel, he's good



E is for Elephant, in the circus parade

F is for Fox, [illegible] in a place

G is for Giraffe, as high as a tree

H is for Horse, kind and gentle is he

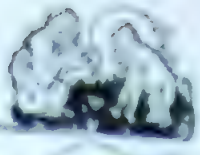
I is for Ibex, a very rare beast

J is for Jackal, we like him the least

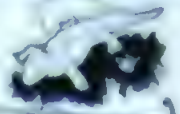
K is for Kangaroo, he can jump over your head

L is for Lion, a beast many dread

M is for Monkey, who can climb up a wall

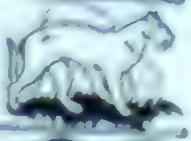


N is for Newt, a lizard quite small

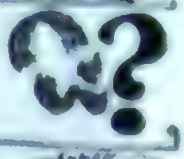


O is for Ostrich, with great appetite

P is for Puma, who prowls in the night



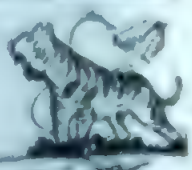
Q is a letter we will not discuss



R is for Reindeer, that pulls Santa's bus

S is for Seal, this one is quite fat

T is for Tiger, which looks like a cat



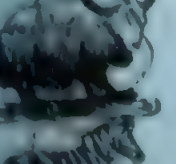
U is for Unicorn, there never was one

V is for Vulture, that basks in the sun

W is for Wolf, which runs in the snow

X is for Xerus, they're squirrels, you know

Y is for Yak, a queer looking fellow



Z is for Zebra, with stripes that are yellow

WALDERNHEATH,

CORNWALL ROAD, HARROGATE.

[illegible] THE DAUGHTERS [illegible] RESIDENT PUPILS ONLY.

[illegible]

"THORNBANK,"

COLLINGTON AVENUE, BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

HOME SCHOOL FOR GENTLEMEN'S DAUGHTERS.

[illegible]

Miss [illegible] and Miss [illegible]

"THORNBANK" is situated in western Bexhill, [illegible] the sea in large and commodious grounds, [illegible] on the most modern lines of ensure health, comfort and convenience.

Pupils are prepared for the Cambridge Local Examinations, also the Diplomas of the R.A.M. and R.C.M. [illegible] L.A.M. Elocution; but anything in the course of the curriculum is [illegible].

The pupils enjoy much open air life. Games include tennis, lacrosse, [illegible] and net ball. Cycling, sea bathing, and swimming in the [illegible].

Prospectus as to fees, etc., on application.

BICKLEY HALL, BICKLEY, KENT, ENGLAND.

Headmasters:

A. J. FARNFIELD, M.A., Queens' College, Cambridge.
B. S. FARNFIELD, B.A., Queens' College, Cambridge.

Boys between the ages of 7 and 14½ years are prepared for the Public Schools, and for the Royal Naval College.

Bickley Hall is situated 300 feet above sea level [illegible] the centre of a beautiful park (of about 35 acres) [illegible] and on a locality renowned as both healthy and [illegible]. There is a gymnasium, boys' library, [illegible] magnificent covered in and heated swimming bath. In addition to large cricket and football grounds, there is a gravelled playground and a covered playground for use in wet weather.

Terms—40 guineas per term. Entire charge is taken of boys whose parents are abroad. EXCLUSIVELY EUROPEAN.

CHEAM SCHOOL, SURREY.

Head Master,

REV. HAROLD M. S. TABOR, O.B.E., M.A.,
Magdalene and Trinity College, Cambridge.

As a School, Cheam dates from 1645. Reorganized in 1888 by the Rev. R. S. Tabor, it claims to be the Pioneer of Preparatory Schools.

The sons of gentlemen are received between the ages of [illegible] and [illegible] and are prepared for Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and other leading Public Schools and the Royal Navy.

The School buildings are well equipped and stand in [illegible] grounds of 30 acres. There are [illegible] swimming bath, covered playground, [illegible] large outdoor playgrounds, [illegible] and playing fields.

Entire charge taken of boys whose parents are abroad.

Prospectus and full details supplied on application to the Head Master.

BATTLE ABBEY, SUSSEX.

Principal: MRS. JACOBY.

Supported by an exceptionally highly qualified Resident and Visiting Staff.

BATTLE ABBEY is excellently adapted for a school on account of its situation on a southern slope, 300 feet above sea level, [illegible] the record of the maximum number of hours' sunshine throughout the year in the United Kingdom.

There are 55 acres of grounds, including a park, [illegible] fields, eight tennis courts, gymnasium, etc.

Full particulars of the wide curriculum offered and of the Staff, will be found in the illustrated prospectus, obtainable on application to the Secretary.

The fees for the general curriculum are 55 guineas a term.

LOWTHER COLLEGE FOR GIRLS

(Bodelwyddan Castle)

RHUDDLAN——————NORTH WALES

Principal: MRS. LIXDLEY. *Fees:* 40 Guineas

HIGHLY QUALIFIED ENGLISH AND FOREIGN MISTRESSES.

The Principal takes entire charge of children of parents living abroad, and may be relied on to pay every attention to the health, moral training, and deportment of those entrusted to her charge. Holidays can be arranged for.

References to parents, etc., in India and Burma.

Jewelry [illegible] of the hills

Cherry Pipe

Miss White [illegible] photos as a recent display in Lima

SKETCHES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

Taken Specially for
"INDIA MONTHLY
MAGAZINE"

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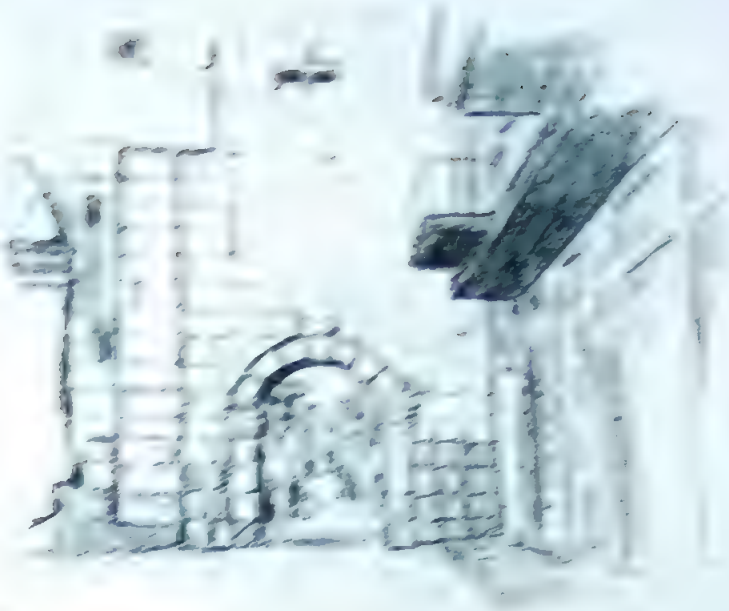

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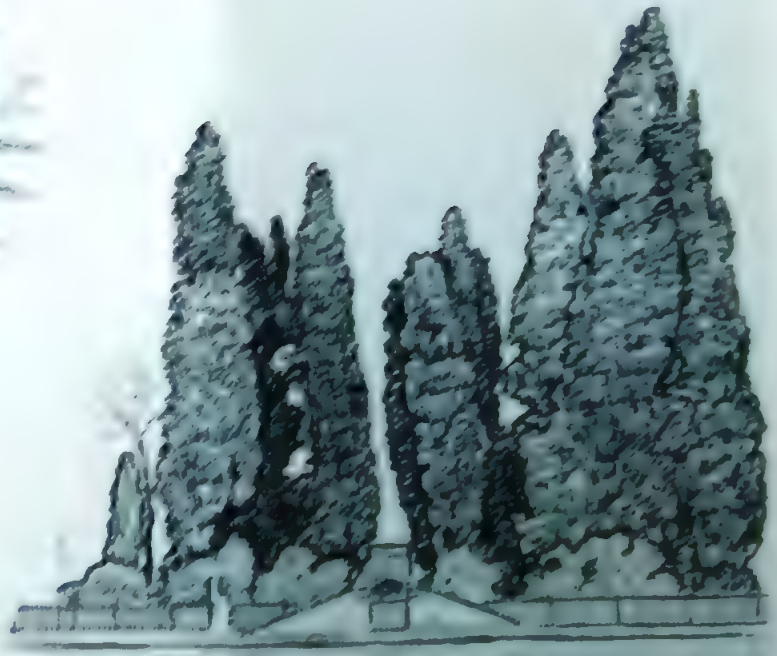


8

AN INDUS-Cretion.

A Satire on a recent newspaper scare

Where *has* Field Marshall Ohwell gone?
He's not been seen this week.
They say that yesterday he left
For Nanga's highest peak
I can't think how
(It's Monsoon now)
He's not been seen this week.

We've lately heard this tale's untrue
And Rumour's modified.
But as we're told that on that date
Our Marshall Ohwell gave a fête
He still is Britain's pride.
(For to attend a party (garden)
Is, we are sure, the nerves as hard on
As climbing Nanga's side.

Lieutenant Thomas—where is he?
Alas! nobody knows.
Nor Chetle's to hand as yet
But Rumour says the flood has wet
His ten intrepid toes.
Still on some Karakoram shelf
Courageous, he has perched himself.

Where is his "hardiest coolie" too?
Also on Nanga's top!
They say his leisure he's employing—
For the gourmet—by enjoying
Yak chop upon yak chop.
But is it not a little trying
That he these morsels should be frying
With oil the Government's supplying
To tell us when to hop?

What was that awful crack that rent
The Heavens a few days past?
Was it the glacier felt, it must
Come up to scratch at last and bust?
Or, was it that in Karakoram
The "hardiest coolie" stamped to warm 'em
His frozen feet so vast?

They say there is a panic now
E'en in remote Kashgar,
Because wherever Indus washes
You simply cannot buy goloshes.
In such demand they are.
And Srinagar says she'll float
A combination Life-House-Boat
To launch in the bazaar.

* * * *

The Karakoram's ashes now.
Nanga's a cinder heap.
The "hardiest coolie's" false alarm
Deprived the flood of power to harm
Watch, they no longer keep.
For in the heat occasioned by
The bonfires the whole lake went dry . . .
It was but three feet deep.

PEGGY JUDGE.

Sports Searchlight

All-India Rugby

The Calcutta Rugby [illegible] Tournament was played as [illegible] in the English Rugby [illegible]

The Tournament opened on the [illegible] with a meeting between Calcutta "B" and the King's Own Royal Regiment. As sug- [illegible] it was interesting—Calcutta [illegible] team and having pre- [illegible] played together as a team, whilst the Royal Regi- ment [illegible] though they showed tre- mendous enthusiasm. They won the game through two magnifi- cent dropped goals, the kind that a Davies or a Kershaw might have brought off at a right corner on the U. S. ground at Portsmouth or perhaps at Twickenham. The "B" XV scored first—a try far out which was not converted. The Royals replied as related above. For the rest the match resolved itself into a somewhat scrummy exhibition. Neither sides' back division ever got going and the forward play was very much of the blind man's variety.

Corsar (Calcutta) kicks.

The Holders Eliminated

The *piece-de-resistance* of the opening round of the tournament came off the following evening when Calcutta "A" met the 1927 holders, the Prince of Wales Volunteers. The Volunteers fielded thirteen men of last year's team—though it was hard to believe it was practically the team that won at Bombay in 1927. For the first ten minutes the Volunteers were all over their opponents but from then onwards (Calcutta scored their first penalty goal at this point) the result was never in doubt. A second penalty goal quickly followed the first and the Volunteers replied from a lucky breakaway. After this they seemed to lose heart and one suspected they would have been glad to have Capt. [illegible] back leading the pack. One thing is pretty certain, having found his men beaten in the tight he would not have gone on taking scrum after scrum instead of a line out. The Calcutta forwards worked like Trojans, Macdonald and McInnes were as sure a pair of halves as one could wish to see, whilst the

IN THE SADDLE AT POONA

...es at times touched brilliance. ...enty-one points to five just ...at represented the difference ...ween the two teams.

...he United Services reached ...e semi-final by means of an ...win over the D.C.L.I.—com...ative newcomers to the game. ...ere is not much to be said ...ut the match except to point ...t that it emphasised the ...cessity for military teams, ...rticularly inexperienced ones, ...ing more attention to the rules ...scrumming. In the case of ...most every regimental ...m playing in the tour...ment, their hooker ...ght with profit to him...f and his side have ...membered the "feet ..." rule. The "B.-N.R.," ...o had been playing a ...ady game in the pre...rnament matches, ...nt down somewhat ...expectedly to the R. A. ...igade from Jubbulpore, ...o scored six points to the Rail...y-men's nil. The R. A. team ...a hefty lot, but in their next ...me Calcutta "A" had not much ...ficulty in defeating them by ...0. Calcutta "A" were very ...finitely below form on that ...casion, and the score hardly ...epresents the relative merits of ...e two teams.

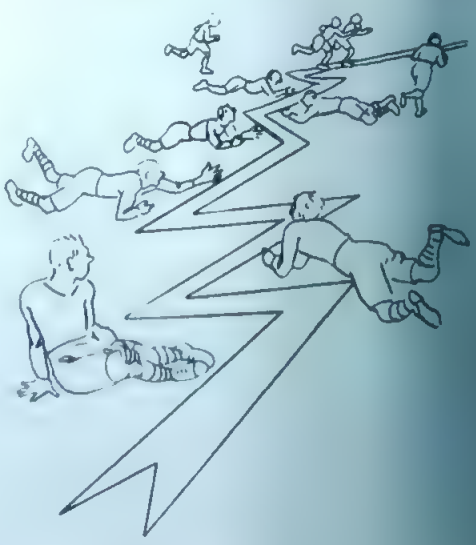
Bombay Shine

Bombay Gymkhana gave a ...arkling display against the King's Own Royal Regiment, ...d impressed the large crowd ...hich came to see the first ...aturday game of the tourna...ent. Herd-White, the Gym...khana stand-off half, played a ...ore...iful, enterprising game and ...itiated many profitable move...ents—in fact the whole of the ...ack division was good. Hopkins ...ade the most of some difficult ...ases and threaded his way ...rough more than one obscure ...ening. The forwards worked ...e-one man and in a pack that ...as uniformly sound it would ...difficult, if not invidious, to mention anyone specially—save perhaps to say that Bramble is a fine hooker and Monkhouse is a dangerous man in the line out.

Madras and Burma played off their tie after a downpour of rain and consequently the going was heavy. Burma scored a try and converted just before half-time. From the play it looked as if both teams were suffering from insufficient practice. Cullen, the Madras stand-off, and a brother of W. J., the old Irish International, had to retire early in the

game, and this and an injury to McConechy seriously weakened the whole of the outside combination. Burma were definitely the better team and but for ill-luck would have won by a larger margin. The Madras forwards were a beaten pack from an early stage of the game and it was only a series of gallant but futile individual efforts by the Madras three's that made the match as interesting as it was.

Bombay reached the final after a comfortable victory over the



Services—always tryers, going sixteen annas to the finish but never quite getting there. The losers missed Ransford, their full-back, who was absent owing to an injured foot, but Corporal Hamlin proved a reliable substitute even if his touch finding was a bit shaky at times. Calcutta met Burma in the other semi-final and played their best game of the tournament. Tchiradjian replaced McInnes at stand-off half and Moutrie came into the pack in place of Herriot. Burma put up a dogged defence but were not good enough for the faster Calcutta outsides.

The Final

The final, played on Saturday, 22nd September, was one of the best games ever seen on the Calcutta ground. Bombay won by two tries and a penalty goal (9 points) to a try (3 points) and this just about represents the run of the game. Early on, Calcutta had a number of free kicks given to them, and had their kicking been up to the standard set by Lane, the Bombay full-back, the result might have been different. But neither Corsar nor Moutrie seemed to reach their usual place-kicking form. The Bombay forwards, ably led by Boyle, gave a sterling display, whilst MacKinlay, who had been regarded as the weak spot in the side, played the game of his life, getting the ball away well and continually harrassing Macdonald, his Calcutta counterpart. Calcutta wisely kept Herd-White well marked. He was the best stand-off half in the tournament and that he got few chances of creating trouble in this game was solely due to Officer and others keeping him well under surveillance.

Of the other outsides, Hopkins, the Bombay skipper, always equal to a big occasion, did everything that was expect-

Hopkins (Bombay) breaks through the Services' defence.

ed of him and gave his wing Douglas as much of the game as he could. The other wings, Jagoe and Reed, got fewer opportunities of attacking but put up a very sound defence. Lane was a little slow at full-back but was never flurried and his kicking was good. Boyle led a pack that almost worked itself to a standstill. Bramble was constantly in the thick of it, whilst Clarke, well known to the Calcutta crowd as a member of a strong Gloucesters XV a couple of years ago, showed plenty of dash though he had a tendency to get off-side. Of the Calcutta eight, Wyatt, Corsar and Moutrie played a stout game, the first named being unfortunate on more than one occasion in the break-aways. Macdonald was hardly up to his usual form and the same was the case with D. S. Smith, the old Blue, at wing-three-quarter. Officer, who captained the side in place of Batty who was ill, was his usual reliable self, whilst Anderson played his best game so far. Bombay won deservedly, but that implies no serious fault in the Calcutta XV, who played with great vim, but simply were up against a fifteen that were beautifully together from the first whistle to the last.

Gundog Trials in Jhind

H. H. The Maharajah of Jhind has always been a keen supporter of anything concerned in promoting better dog-breeding in this country and the arrangements which have been made for the Jhind Gundog Field Trials serve to emphasise his interest in this branch of sport. The first Jhind Country Bred Meeting will be held on December 28th and 29th next and competitors at this Meeting are asked to remain in Jhind as His Highness' guests until the Sixth Open Meeting which will be held from the 4th to the 8th of January. The Army Stakes, which is an event in the Open Meeting, and the Country Bred Meeting have been specially arranged to encourage the one dog man and it is hoped that owners of moderate means will avail themselves of this opportunity of testing their [illegible] The Coursing Meeting will be held between the dates mentioned above. A change has been made this year and the Meeting is to be run on Waterloo lines *i.e.*, natural coursing not trapped hares.

Northern India Golf

The Amateur Championship of Northern India, the principal golfing fixture of the Gulmarg season, was played at Gulmarg on the Upper Course, last month and produced excellent sport. This event is decided by match play over 18 holes, the final being played over 36 holes. Twenty-four players entered, among them being Major Buist and Mr. H. S. Malik, I.C.S., both ex-champions. Among the other players were Mr. Donald Johnston, I.C.S., an old Cambridge blue, and Captains Mirlees and Routledge, two well-known Army golfers. Perhaps the most interesting entry was that of Colonel McAllan, who won the Championship at Gulmarg over 25 years ago! The golf played in the earlier rounds was generally of a good class and eventually Mr. H. S. Malik and Sardar Prithipal Singh contested the final. This event is in itself unique, for it must be the first occasion in the history of golf in

Calcutta v. P. W. V.'s; Macdonald finding touch.

The Bombay Gymkhana XV, who won the All-India Tournament in Calcutta.

Left:—A golf course in delightful surroundings—Gulmarg — where the Northern India Golf Championship was held this year.

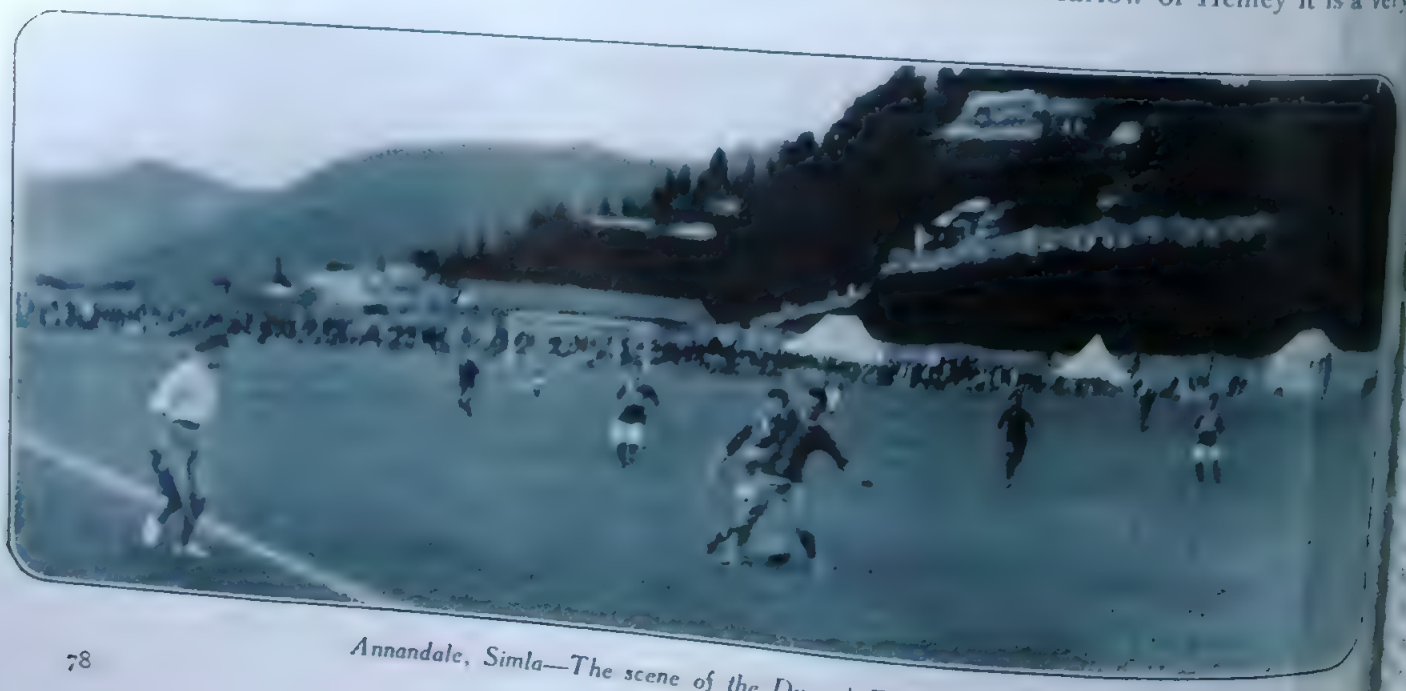
India, or, for the matter of that, in any country, that the final of an important golfing event should be contested by two Indians. Mr. Malik had a fairly easy journey to the final, defeating Major Buist, Captain Schute, and Colonel Underwood fairly comfortably. His match, however, with Captain Barclay-Brown in which he won at the last hole after being four down with seven holes to play, was a very exciting one. Sardar Prithipal Singh, who like Malik, is also a Sikh, did very well indeed to defeat two golfers of the calibre of Messrs. Routledge and Johnston, as it was his first appearance in the Championship. In the final, however, he could do nothing right on the greens, and Malik won by the record margin of 14 up and 13 to play.

Mr. H. S. Malik, I.C.S. (winner of the Blois-Johnson Cup), Capt. Barclay-Brown (runner-up for the Robin Trophy) and Sardar Prithipal Singh (winner of the Robin Trophy).

The champion averaged fours throughout the meeting.

A Rowing Function

The Calcutta Rowing Club will hold its Annual regatta on 13th October, and the programme arranged includes all the principal attractions of the oarsman. The Club, which is the second oldest sporting club in India, was founded in 1858 and has undergone many vicissitudes. It is to-day, however, in a fair way to excel its early triumphs when the Barrackpore regattas were the occasions of whole day picnics for at least half the European population of Calcutta. To-day these events are held at Dakuria and though it perhaps lacks the peaceful beauty of Marlow or Henley it is a very



Annandale, Simla—The scene of the Durand Tournament.

The Unused Match

That section of the football public which hooted the Sing Sing Prisoners' chances of winning this trophy were not disappointed on Saturday the 20th when this team won by a

ENGLAND'S CRICKETERS OUTWARD BOUND

A SURVEY OF TEST PERSONALITIES

By E. H. D. SEWELL

A. P. F. Chapman

A. P. F. CHAPMAN (Captain), *(Uppingham, Cambridge and Kent)* is a forcing left-handed batsman and an extraordinarily good fielder for so heavy and big a man. He is the modern Alfred Mynn or "W.G." in size, and, like both those giants, has an attractive, cheery nature and is very popular with the professionals. Somewhat of an "eye" cricketer Chapman was not included in the Tests of 1921 in England solely because of a supposition that there is a "hole in his defence." A big mistake was made then. All cricketers, have or had the same hole. Chapman has long since outlived that reputation and is to-day one of the most dashing, and capable, attackers of bowling. He is an excellent captain with an opinion of his own.

J. C. White

❦ ❦ ❦

J. C. WHITE *(Taunton School and Somerset)* is the best length bowler in England. Bowling slow left-handed with very little break, he depends almost entirely on (1) flight, and (2) length, for his wickets. This lack of spin is why he falls short of being the perfect slow-left, like the late Colin Blythe and the ever present Rhodes. White's heavy bag of wickets contains a much bigger proportion of Nos. 6 to 11 batsmen than of Nos. 1 to 5. But, for all that, his is a highly probable style for success in play-to-a-finish cricket upon pitches so hard that a dropping ball such as White's will not "come on to" the bat. Consequently, if the cricket is normal, there should be a lot of catches on this tour for Ham-

E. Tyldesley

D. R. Jardine

A. P. Freeman

W. R. Hammond

P. Mead

mond, Hendren, Chapman and Hobbs off White. In cricket language, batsmen have to go and "fetch" their runs off White, whereas off Tate, Staples and Hammond runs "come." In long drawn-out cricket there's a world of difference, not understood by a mind accustomed only to the "easy" conditions of one-day cricket in India, between these two types of bowling.

White is a good enough bat to strengthen the tail; and he will be of more use with counsel, when he is asked by Chapman, than any other member of the side, except Jardine.

D. R. JARDINE *(Winchester, Oxford and Surrey)* is temperamentally the exact opposite of Chapman, except that though likely to be serious in the face of impending defeat he would never be gloomy. He is a hard working student of the very difficult job of getting runs when the bowling is good and others are failing badly before it. If the climate and life of Australia does not beat him its bowlers won't. Without being simian-like in the field, Jardine is good at any close-in position requiring extra attentiveness. His father, M. R., was famous in Fettes, Oxford, Middlesex, and Bombay Presidency cricket.

TYLDESLEY, E. *(Lancashire)*, a blood cricketer and a good one at that, though he needs some of his more famous relative, J. T.'s, nippiness and certainty in the field. Tyldesley is a strong onside player, and no cricket reason exists why he should not succeed on Australian wickets as he has on English except this one. He is too apt, owing to his *penchant* for the onside, to hit across the flight of the ball early in his innings and, therefore, before he has got the pace of the wicket.

P. Hendren

H. Sutcliffe

G. Duckworth

England's Cricketers Outward Bound

Batsmen in whose game the cross-bat predominates never cut much ice in Australia.

That is the home of the straight up and down-ers. Everybody thinking otherwise who has attempted to translate his thought into bat-action *has always failed.*

❀ ❀ ❀

FREEMAN, A. P. *(Kent)*, but for his failure in Australia in 1924-25 would be first bowling choice now. It is rare to ask cricketers to go to the well twice. For all that, he is as likely as anybody in England, except Parker of Gloucestershire, to be successful in Australia, where good "googlie" bowling pays, as it always will. He has just established a new record—the taking of 300 wickets in first class cricket in one season.

❀ ❀ ❀

HAMMOND, W. R. *(Gloucestershire)*, is just the type of batsman to succeed on Australian wickets, as he is a forcer of runs who plays straight. Beyond the traditional "glue-pot" at Melbourne, there is nothing in Australia except R. H. Bettington (regarding whom more on another occasion) to stop this Kentish-born-Cestrian. Hammond is one of the best fieldsmen and surest catches England has ever sent to Australia.

He is the "utility" man of this side and if he does not strive to be one of its stars he will be as good an all-round success as anybody on either side in the coming series of Tests.

❀ ❀ ❀

MEAD, P. *(Hants.)*, is one of the soundest left-handed batsmen the game has ever known. In spite of a very serious illness, when his life was despaired of, some four years ago, he appears to be as well as ever he was. Certainly he is batting as well as at any time. Except "W.G.", Trumper and "Ranji," nobody has excelled Mead at forcing runs off good length bowling. He holds the individual record for a score in a Test match in England, with 182 not out at the Oval in 1921. Mead can still hold catches in the slips and, at a pinch, bowl a ball, slow-left, which, if it will not cause sleepless nights to Australia's "stars," might disturb the few members of that country's small rabbit-hutch.

❀ ❀ ❀

HENDREN, P. *(Middlesex)*, the idol of Lord's and deservedly popular wherever he plays. A very active outfield, he is absolutely built to be a cover-point, where he ought to have fielded all his life. If, as his traducers say, he plays with a crooked bat, a glance at the averages prompts the query, "what is the good of playing with a straight one?" At the time of writing he averages over 72 runs per innings.

❀ ❀ ❀

SUTCLIFFE, H. has a very difficult tour before him; if for nothing else because of his big achievements against eight-ball overs on the tour of 1924-25. Consequently, any failure on his part to "do it again" will be deserving of everyone's sympathy, and not their censure. Cricketers seldom "do it again," and it will be astounding if against six-ball overs in the Tests Sutcliffe does half as well as he did on the last tour. He is a great batsman on hard wickets between cover and long-off, and between long leg and square leg, in which two sectors he misses very little and makes seventy-five per cent. of his runs. But he has always been weak behind point, and in forcing runs between short square-leg and long-on. A fairly good slip.

DUCKWORTH, G. *(Lancashire)*, has the distinction of being the surprise-packet of this selection, and at the same time of having been allotted a severer job than has ever be fallen to an English wicketkeeper. Duckworth has no experience (or so little as to be quite negligible) of "keeping" to the bowling of Tate, Hammond, Freeman, J. C. White, Larwood or Staples.

❀ ❀ ❀

LEYLAND, M. *(Yorks)*, the best of the young professional left-handers; a possibility on Australian wickets as a bowler, and a nice youngster.

❀ ❀ ❀

TATE, M. *(Sussex)*, is a seventy-five per cent. better bowler on the bulli of Australia than the mud of Old England. A whole-hearted trier, full of pluck and thrust. He has always been an example to his brother professionals, and not only, perhaps, to the younger among them. Is a much better bat as one of a first pair than anywhere else down the list. A lively field but rather handicapped here by his brobdignagian feet.

❀ ❀ ❀

LARWOOD, H. *(Notts)*, is a good, fastish right-handed bowler, whose lack of inches is made up for by his length of arm and general elasticity of loin and shoulder. Slower by yards than old-time fast bowlers, he is really fast in modern company. A very promising bat, he is the most likely one in the team to share in good stands for any of the last three wickets. A good field almost anywhere.

❀ ❀ ❀

HOBBS, J. B. *(Surrey)*, though now much past his best, owing entirely to ill-health and

M. Leyland

M. Tate

H. Larwood

"dicky" limbs, he is still pretty good. His fielding for a man in his forties is marvellous, but no longer, except in occasional spasms, is the great batsman what he was when at his best seven or eight years ago. There are plenty of runs in him still, whether in six-ball overs or in the easier conditions of eight-ball over matches. A charming, modest fellow. Australia will be glad to see him again.

GEARY, G. *(Leicestershire)*, has been a regular member of the Leicestershire team since 1913, and has been in the first flight of English cricket since 1923. He has been to South Africa and toured with the last M.C.C. team which came to India. He was an eleventh hour choice for the present English team, as it was doubtful whether an old arm injury would have sufficiently recovered to allow him to make the tour.

STAPLES, S. J. *(Notts)*, has been for years a most useful member of the always workmanlike Notts XI. He is what cricketers know as the "cut and come again" type, always likely to get either a few runs or a few wickets. Therefore, a most useful member of an England side. Fireworks need not be expected from him, but he'll pull every ounce of his weight. His bowling, right-handed medium, does a bit by spin from the off, by "with the arm" the other way, and like all Notts bowlers who are any good at all he has length.

L. AMES *(Kent)* is easily the best wicketkeeper-batsman in England, being well ahead of all his rivals in this dual respect. He is relatively probably a better bat than wicketkeeper and that may stand in his way.

J. B. Hobbs

G. Geary

F. C. Toone
(Manager)

[illegible] Middlesex and Kent meet for the last county match of the season

Football Scene: Chelsea Last Season Lose 1—0 at Stamford Bridge

HE RIGHTEOUS OYSTER

(Under-water experiments in wireless have been interfered with by the noise of oysters, which resembles a person humming a tune.)

is, in fact, extremely wrong
To think the lowest of creation
cannot be moved to pious song,
As we of somewhat higher station!
e rocks and stones may sermonise,
As godly monks within their cloister;
d from the depths incessant rise
The Ave Marias of the oyster.

d yet, the oyster's happy hum
Gives great offence at times, we hear!
e world to-day is very rum,
And they who dabble in that gear
hich sends an under-water wave
From ship to ship and shore to shore—
y hear the oyster's hymn, and rave,—
They hate the oyster more and more!

-pugnant fellows,—who would scorn
Through lack of just appreciation,
he lesson of the oyster spawn,
The lead it sets to all creation!
he conduct of this noble fish
Within the element that's moister—
s so inspiring, we could wish
That *all* would imitate the oyster!

eir families are very vast—
They've never heard of Marie Stopes;
oyster would be quite aghast
If she were asked to cramp her hopes!
e does her duty—oyster babies
Disport themselves with fun and fooling;
d oyster fathers get no rabies
From having to finance their schooling.

tured at length by creeping age,
His youthful follies all outgrown
vancing years have made him sage)—
The oyster sits upon a stone.
him the time has now appeared,
To lead a quiet sober life;
sits at home and grows a beard,
And weds a little oyster wife.

roughout his innocent career
To calumny he gives no handle;
smokes no 'baccy, drinks no beer,
He prompts not, nor discusses, scandal.
let him hum, if he is able,
So long as he is 'neath the ocean!
he is silent on the table,
We swallow him with great devotion.

H. J. C. M.

(Continued from page 56.)

Her first question of me was a whispered as to whether the Russian Ivan Vieff had arrested

"The detective followed him, I remember!" she said.

"I do not know where either of them are at present," I replied. "Come, Lord Ulverscroft wishes to meet you, and thank you."

She held her breath as though summoning all courage, and I led her upstairs to the fine suite of rooms.

When I introduced her, the great statesman quickly put her at her ease, inviting her to be seated in a large leathern arm-chair, and saying with a gracious smile.

"I understand, Miss Poynter, that to-day you have been my protector, and that I owe my life to your self-sacrifice and daring! I shall be glad if you will kindly give me your address in London, since my return I hope you will do me the honour of accepting a small souvenir of my deep appreciation of your efforts on my behalf. I know I have many enemies but at least in yourself I have a friend!"

She smiled, her cheeks reddening in confusion, as her right hand was, I noticed, nervously thrust into the cushion of the chair.

"And I also have to thank you, signorina," added the stout Marchese, who stood near by.

"I only did what I considered to be my duty, your lordship," the girl managed to stammer as she rose. "I knew of the plot, and at the last moment resolved to prevent its execution."

"Which you certainly have done," declared Lord Ulverscroft as the girl rose, and bowing, left the room.

"A queer little person!" remarked the Cabinet Minister as soon as the door had closed, yet scarcely had the words left his lips when we heard the girl screaming in the corridor, and a few seconds later she was brought roughly back, held in the grip of Detective Inspector Charlesworth, and the Italian Giordoni.

"Excuse me, my lord!" cried Charlesworth. "Has this girl sat in a chair?" and he looked swiftly around.

"Yes, in that one!" indicated the Foreign Secretary, utterly amazed. "Why?"

Instantly the detective dashed to the chair, felt eagerly around the cushions, and in a few moments drew forth the silver pencil which the girl had regretted that she could not give me as a souvenir.

"Because of this!" cried the man from Scotland Yard.

Lord Ulverscroft put out his hand to take the pencil, whereupon Charlesworth shouted:

"Don't touch it! It would be fatal!"

Then dashing to the window he flung it out into the hotel-garden, while the girl Poynter with a loud cry reeled, and fell on the floor in a dead faint.

"I only had word by wire from London ten minutes ago," Charlesworth explained. "This woman, with a Russian named Vieff, came here with the object of assassinating you, my lord! On finding that this apartment was always kept locked, they were unable to introduce that terrible yet innocent-looking pencil, therefore the girl—who is one of the most desperate emissaries of Moscow—resolved to resort to an ingenious ruse and pretend to disclose the plot, well-knowing that you would receive and thank her. To-day, in order to deceive this gentleman," further and he indicated myself, "she pretended to denounce her accomplice, who fled and was captured at my request by the police on landing at Lausanne. It was a clever plot no doubt, and we had word of it only just in the very nick of time!"

"Astounding!" gasped his lordship, with a look of bewilderment. "Why, however, is that harmless-looking pencil fatal?"

"It is one of the most diabolical devices used by the Tcheka in Poland and elsewhere," explained the elegantly-dressed Benvenuto Giordoni, who turned out to be an Italian detective from Rome detailed to watch over the personal safety of the Italian Minister of Finance, the Marchese di Pontedera, and who spoke very fair English. "Its exterior aspect is the same as any other mechanically-propelled pencil, and perfectly harmless unless used. In order to write with such pencils one screws down the lead, so that it protrudes. But in the case of the 'infernal pencil' as it is known at the Lubianka in Moscow, the action of screwing sets in motion an unsuspected internal chemical mechanism, admitting air into a tiny chamber within. Inside is a fine glass tube containing an incendiary composition possessing a terrible power of combustion. At the end of the incendiary tube is a plug of cotton-wool, and the air being admitted by unscrewing the top, there will, in ten minutes or so, occur a frightful explosion followed by a fire which is inextinguishable.

"Diabolical indeed!" ejaculated his lordship.

"Before this desperate emissary of the Bolsheviks left her pencil in her chair she undoubtedly unscrewed it with the object of wrecking this room and rendering it instantly a furnace," the Italian said, walking towards the window and looking out, he added, "Let us see what happens! But keep away, or we may be injured."

As he spoke a loud explosion rent the air, while next second fierce red flames leapt up past the window roaring with intense heat, which caused us to spring back, for it cracked the glass in some of the panes.

Lord Ulverscroft's eyes met mine.

His cheeks were blanched and he was pale to the lips, realising how narrowly he and his friend the Italian Cabinet Minister had escaped from a terrible death.

When he found tongue, he thanked me sincerely, and in a few words congratulated the two detectives upon their shrewdness, while Lady Marigold, dashing in at that moment, became filled with alarm.

The Red Pencil

Naturally panic reigned in the hotel in consequence of the inexplicable fire out upon the lawn, and in the excitement the two detectives removed the would-be assassin who had so cleverly imposed upon all of us.

Next day, all was mystery, as [illegible] only natural. But his lordship, inviting me to his room about noon, explained to me the policy he had decided to pursue.

"I feel that to denounce Moscow of a deliberate attempt upon my life and that of the Marchese would, at the same time, cause further ill-feeling and friction between Italy and the Soviet Government," he said, turning his deep-set grey eyes upon me. "Therefore, I have asked the French Government to release the girl Poynter and [illegible] her to Russia. It seems that last night [illegible] a man down at Evian who held a [illegible] ready on the lake for her escape after she [illegible] committed her deed."

"Then the affair is to be hushed up?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "The Swiss Government have already agreed to depart the man Yuff, and I feel that such an attitude, in view of the [illegible] strained condition of international relations, is the correct one. But I shall always retain more [illegible] recollections of yourself, and of the French [illegible] with her diabolical Red Pencil!"

THE EDD.

A DENIZEN OF THE HILLS

THE MINIVET

WATCHING birds in the pine forests of the Himalayas, or on the bush-covered slopes, is not an occupation for the short-sighted, and no doubt, if it is to be a pastime of great interest, besides long sight one must have an inborn love of birds. Such a love is common enough. Nowhere can it find greater scope than in the mountain ranges of India, for they are specially rich in bird life, and their great changes of altitude bring it about that the march of any day may bring one to a new bird world. It is true that among the Westmorland hills, or on the Yorkshire or Scottish moors, birds are to be seen that are never found in the meadows or the corn fields of the lower country; but once a man has got among the hills or the moors, he cannot, by climbing higher, come upon still more species. Now, in the Himalayas, the twenty miles that separate Baghi from Mathiana, or even the ten miles that separate Baghi from Narkanda, will bring a man to birds that up to that point he has not seen. That adds a great interest.

What the watcher desires most is beauty of colouring or shape. Both are combined in the short-billed minivet, one of the prettiest birds in the world. The cock in colour is a sonata in glossy black, and crimson and black wings have a crimson band running along each. There is also crimson on the back, in the tail feathers, and elsewhere. The crown of the head, in the hen-bird, and the neck and shoulders are greyish-

green, with the forehead, the remainder of the upper plumage and the lower plumage, a bright yellow. They are small birds, but not the smallest; they are not, for instance, small as most of the tit tribe is small, and they are so delicately shaped as to make one think of miniatures, or the finest of cut jewels. Miniatures and cut jewels, however, are inanimate, while the minivets abound in life. At times in the year they go about the forests in small flocks, perhaps three or four cocks and six or seven hens, and they are then a sight to gladden even the most grudging eye. When they separate into pairs, to set about the business of mating, they are not quite so plainly to be noticed by the eye as when they are flying in flocks, but, their preference being to be together, and on the tops of trees, if there is a pair about that wonder of scarlet or of bright yellow, will soon be picked out. Then, if the air is as clear as it can be on a sunny day in the Himalayas, if a man keeps quite still, he may have as good a look at the beauty of colouring of the birds, at their utter grace of form, and at their pretty movements as if he was in a room with the birds in a cage.

It shows what a prosaic man your ornithologist can be. Here he has the most brilliantly coloured, and the most exquisitely shaped bird, to name, and the feature that he picks out to include in the name is the shape of bill of the bird. However, as when he named the Paradise Flycatcher, he can be more poetic. So he may be forgiven for having been so prosy when he named the minivet.

I. V. C.

The Red Pencil

[illegible]

[illegible] Moscow [illegible] a deliberate [illegible] Manchesse [illegible] Soviet Government [illegible] grey eyes [illegible] have asked the French [illegible]

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A DENIZEN OF THE HILLS

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WATCHING birds is the great hobby of the immortals, or of the backwoodsmen, is not an occupation for the short-sighted, and to make it it is to be a pastime of great interest, besides long sight one must have an inborn love of birds. Such a lover is common enough. Nowhere can it find greater scope than in the mountain ranges of India, for they are specially rich in bird life, and their great changes of altitude bring it about that the march of any day may bring one to a new bird world. It is true that among the Westmorland hills, or on the Yorkshire or Scottish moors, birds are to be seen that are never found in the meadows or the corn fields of the lower country; but once a man has got among the hills or the moors, he cannot, by climbing higher, come upon still more species. Now, in the Himalayas, the twenty miles that separate Bagbi from Mashobra, or even the ten miles that separate Bagbi from Narkanda, will bring a man to birds that up to that point he has not seen. That adds a great interest.

What the watcher desires most is beauty of colouring or shape. Both are combined in the short-billed minivet, one of the prettiest birds in the world. The cock in colour is a sonata in glossy black, and crimson and black wings have a crimson band running along each. There is also crimson on the back, in the tail feathers, and elsewhere. The crown of the head, in the hen-bird, and the neck and shoulders are greyish-

green, with the forehead, the remainder of the upper plumage and the lower plumage, a bright yellow. They are small birds, but not the smallest, they are not, for instance, small as most of the tit tribe is small, and they are so delicately shaped as to make one think of miniatures, or the finest of cut jewels. Miniatures and cut jewels, however, are inanimate, while the minivets abound in life. At times of the year they go about the [illegible] small flocks, perhaps two or four cocks and six or seven [illegible] and they are then a sight to gladden even the most [illegible] eye. When they separate [illegible] pairs, to set about the business of mating, they are not [illegible] plainly to be noticed by [illegible] as when they are flying [illegible] but, then preference being [illegible] together, and on the top [illegible] if there is a pair above [illegible] wonder of scarlet and [illegible] yellow, will soon be [illegible] Then, if the air is as clear [illegible] can be on a sunny day [illegible] Himalayas, if a man keeps [illegible] still, he may have as good [illegible] at the beauty of colour [illegible] birds, at their utter grace [illegible] and at their pretty [illegible] as if he was in a room [illegible] birds in a cage.

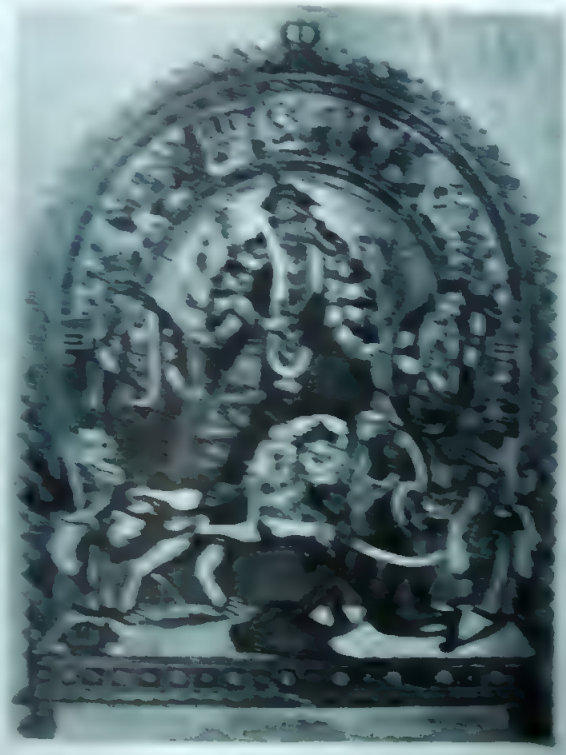
It shows what a [illegible] man your ornithologist [illegible] Here he has the most [illegible] coloured, and the most [illegible] ly shaped bird, to name [illegible] feature that he picks [illegible] include in the name [illegible] bill of the bird [illegible] when he named the [illegible] Flycatcher, he can be [illegible] So he may be forgiven [illegible] been so proud when [illegible] the minivet.

THE PUJA FESTIVAL

By Dr. D. R. BHANDARKAR

Bhandarkar, who is Professor of Ancient Indian History and Culture in the University of Calcutta, [illegible] in the following article the story of the Dussehra festival of the Hindu religion.

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."



Durga, the consort of Shiva

[illegible] of the festival. A big pot full of water is placed before the image, and when the enthusiasm of the goddess is seen it is thought to have happened. During this time she is the most charge of the [illegible] of the household who [illegible] and [illegible] her and [illegible] [illegible] because she is supposed to be going to her husband's house. In the evening the image is carried with great [illegible] accompanied by singing, dancing, [illegible] and [illegible] and is cast into the water where it is immersed.

[illegible] Ram, the hero of the Hindu epic Ramayan, we are told, found [illegible] that he stood to be one of [illegible] by Ravan, King of Lanka, they were [illegible] by [illegible]. The gods became alarmed and [illegible] to the [illegible] Durga who was asleep. She [illegible] at midnight of the [illegible] day in [illegible]. She [illegible] and promised him he [illegible] would be able to kill Ravan. The gods were greatly [illegible] and decided that they should fast and worship the goddess until the demon was killed. On the eighth day Ram did kill Ravan. The goddess then appeared before the gods, who granted [illegible] and offered [illegible] [illegible] the tenth the goddess we are told, was sent away with the Shakti [illegible] and Ram started back triumphant for his capital.

This is the reason why this day is called Vijaya-dashami, [illegible] meaning victory and dashami the tenth day.

Durga is described as a [illegible] armed goddess riding a lion and severing the head of a buffalo [illegible] which seems a mixture of human form and whose chest is pierced by her spear. We are [illegible] here introduced to a war goddess of the Shakers who are the aboriginal tribes of the Vindhyas and from her description, she appears to be the goddess called Vindhyavasini, and was adored by them.

The whole history of Hindu India is seen image in the festival of Durga Puja. We have seen that Durga, or Kali as she is

Immersing the Goddess on the tenth day

[illegible] Shiv or Kal, the Hindu [illegible] And it was [illegible] Prof. Sir [illegible] Society, that there were many [illegible] of the worship of Durga [illegible] to the Indo-[illegible]

In his well-known [illegible] Tacitus, writes about seven Germanic tribes and observes that [illegible] all worshipped a deity who [illegible] the male as well as the female element and [illegible] Mother Earth. On the [illegible] goddess was taken [illegible] there was all sorts of [illegible] which culminated [illegible] image being buried in the [illegible] This ancient custom is [illegible] preserved in Scandinavia in the worship of Frey, whose image [illegible] in Sweden in [illegible] the [illegible] Sun. [illegible] the Indo-European origin of [illegible]

[illegible] of Hindusim [illegible] of the aboriginal tribes, such as Chandi, Uma, Katyayani, Annapurna, Vindhyavasini and so forth. They were all identified with the goddess of Indo-European origin and looked upon as her different forms. This process of fusion is still going on, as distinctly non-Aryan goddesses such as Hingaj, Bechraji, Sitala, Khimej and so on are being gradually absorbed into the Hindu pantheon, through that elastic mentality which regards all goddesses as so many different manifestations of Durga. What we further have to note is that all the non-Aryan goddesses are fused into one under what may be called the Cult, or rather the Worship, of the Mother.

Woman may be looked at from two different points of view, according as we select the erotic or the genetic side and emphasise the relation of man and woman or of mother and child. The former is based on sex romance and has developed itself into the Radha Cult in India. The latter is rooted in motherhood and [illegible] [illegible] Durga [illegible] Mother [illegible] which has [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]

The Hindu believes, [illegible] do the more Catholic [illegible] of Christianity in the [illegible] God, but in Mother [illegible] sons we are in our [illegible] It is this belief that [illegible] of the Durga Puja and has [illegible] dered the tenderest elements [illegible] humanity in the Hindus of [illegible] castes and creeds.

This worship of Mother [illegible] elevated the original [illegible] of Durga. She is no longer [illegible] terror-inspiring and [illegible] war-goddess that [illegible] ancient times. It is true [illegible] she is still represented as [illegible] her trident against Mahi[illegible] or the Buffalo-demon. But [illegible] her side now figure Ganesh who dispels dangers and [illegible] success, Kartikeya or Com[illegible] of the Divine Army, Lakshmi Goddess of Fortune, and Sa[illegible] vati or Goddess of Wisdom. The buffalo-demon is himself [illegible] understood as the Demon [illegible] Evil,—of ignorance and so [illegible] the lion as standing for [illegible] energy. Durga thus symbolises the truth that gods and [illegible] always favour energy, [illegible] and wisdom as against Evil.

Nowhere is the worship of Durga so closely connected with the nation's life as in Bengal. The Puja season is the period of the greatest national [illegible] and prayer. Its social significance can scarcely be exaggerated. Everybody dresses himself to his best, and buys new [illegible] for all the members of the family. The rich distribute [illegible]

The image is now ready to immerse

their servants and also the poor. The whole the whole town, is astir ...ds are cut, water-ways ...urtyards swept clean. ...or House of Wor... or Theatrical ...*khana* or Recep... ...ated and deco... ...age maker knows ...ding clay into figures. The gardener and ...have their hands ...s and bouquets. ...the weaver, the ... have a busy ...s are packed with ...itions of buyers. ...of the temple ... priests and Brah... chant hymns. An ... the ceremony of the ...ights is performed ...ybody is invited, men ... grownups and chil... ...and poor, Hindus and Muhammadans. Old enmities are forgotten and new friendships formed.

Durga Puja thus seems a social synthesis, shaping the divided classes and castes into a compact mass, and causing one-nation consciousness.

Up till thirty years ago the Muhammadans used to join whole-heartedly in the celebration of the Durga Puja. But more than a century ago we find the whole colony of Europeans looked forward eagerly to invitations from the Bengali Zemindars, at whose mansions they were treated to various entertainments. How this merry-making impressed the English publicist of that age may be seen from the following quotation from an issue, in 1816, of the *Calcutta Gazette*, an official organ of that time:—"During the three by-gone days the native part of the city has exhibited a scene of revelry and licentious joy quite unparalleled by unrestrained freedom of the ancient Saturnalia or of the modern Carnival of Venice." In 1825 an article appeared in the *Government Gazette* dissuading the European community from taking part in these festivities, because "the performances of the Mahommadan singers and dancers with the appendage of cold beef and beer for the grosser entertainment of European guests are little compatible with the adoration of the Devi." It will thus be seen that the European community of Calcutta in the first quarter of the nineteenth century fully and freely participated in the carnival of the Durga Puja. Even the highest officers of the state visited some of the scenes of this gaiety. Thus in one issue of the 'Hurkura' we read the following:—"About ten o'clock Rajas Sheeb Kissen and Kali Kissen with their brethren had the great honour of receiving Lord Combermere and suite; shortly after which Lord and Lady Bentinck were seated on a golden sofa placed at the centre of the *nautch* place. The *nautches* which greatly pleased their Lordships and Ladyship were kept up with much spirit."

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JAKKO AND ITS RESIDENTS

By A SIMLA OBSERVER.

JAKKO the hill of monkeys, [illegible] more than eight thousand feet above sea-level, [illegible] summit is a small [illegible] dedicated to Hanuman, [illegible] of its inhabitants. [illegible] JAKKO [illegible] the [illegible] is the pre- [illegible] the [illegible] monkeys which [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] strange [illegible]

[illegible] JAKKO [illegible] at the [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] 1837, [illegible] as a [illegible] village [illegible] stationed to [illegible] brackers," [illegible] it has remained a spot of special interest, though the original shrine must have undergone many radical changes. Children visit it as a special treat, their seniors apprehensive, as more than one case has occurred where children and even grown-up persons have been attacked by vicious monkeys. The chattering denizens of the colony gladly receive gifts of biscuits and grain, whilst the fakir keeps a watchful eye on their activities.

The old fakir, Gopal Das, for years was the central figure in a curious picture. Clad in his flowing yellow garments, he would stand in front of the temple calling, "Ajao, ajao" to his monkey children. For several he had pet names, such as "Raja," "Ranee," "Kotwal," "Daroga," and so on. Many of them would eat freely from his hand, mutual affection and respect characterising the relations of both sides. Another "Raja," who is monarch of the troop, maintains the strictest discipline amongst his subjects, scolding and chastising the quarrelsome and forcibly removing any of the younger gallants who approach his wives.

Bawa Mast Ram (Charles Russel.)

One year, as some visitors were watching the old fakir feeding the monkeys, an animal in jumping from one tree to another, missed its footing and fell heavily to the ground. The *wazir* seemed much concerned at the occurrence, but hastened to apologise for the incident, adding "forty years ago, [illegible] I first knew that monkeys [illegible] could climb as well as any here, but even a monkey grows old in forty years. Alas, poor Budhu."

If for no other reason, the monkeys of Simla will always have a claim to fame in that once upon a time they attracted Rudyard Kipling's attention and have been immortalised in verse. It must have been on Jakko that he addressed his verses to the "Gleesome, Fleasome Thou," and has left us the example of the—

> "*Artful Bunder, who never in his life*
> *Had flirted at F[illegible] with another Bunder's wife.*"

In the cold weather many of the monkeys migrate to warmer regions, travelling as far as the plains in the Kalka neighbourhood. Many Simla residents would be glad if they remained there.

Writing as late as 1862 a subaltern, who was on a Christmas visit to the summer capital, said the monkeys driven into the town by the all-encroaching snows made such a noise that a decent night's rest was out of the question, and described as a wonderful sight the spectacle of thousands of monkeys careering about the Mall.

In "Simla: Past and Present" Mr. E. J. Buck, recording how "Northbank" passed into the possession of Sir Edward Buck, describes that in his early occupation of the house large troops of monkeys daily visited the lawn tennis ground to warm themselves in the morning sun. On

the smallest shared his chota [illegible] on the window sill, and [illegible] the envy of two large [illegible] crows. At last the crows [illegible] at the infant monkey, from [illegible] they tried to snatch his [illegible] and butter. This angered [illegible] "Jhaa," who, with a sudden [illegible] caught one of the crows, [illegible] pulled out its feathers [illegible] by one and then tore it into [illegible]

master and dog left the hill station without mishap.

One of the most remarkable examples of self-abnegation of modern times is associated with Jakko. The story is fairly well known, but no account of the monkey settlement would be complete without it, and I propose to repeat it here.

During the time of Lord Mayo's Viceroyalty, a European

admitted a member of the Simla Rifles. He had one son, by name Charlie, who until December, 1927, lived with his "Jhaa log," the monkeys, and forms the central figure of this narrative.

After the death of his father, the boy took to the cloth and became a yogi. Early in his professional career he made efforts to "convert," thereby giving much offence to the Christian

The Temple on Jakko.

Writing many years later to Mr. Buck, Mr. Rudyard Kipling recalled how the "Raja" met his fate at the hands of a powerful pedigree bulldog, the property of a military officer. Though badly mauled, the dog pinned "Raja" against a wall in the [illegible] and hung on to his throat [illegible] he was dead. In spite of the [illegible]'s anger and curses, both

by name Russet, set up as a jack-of-all-trades on the Ridge. Amongst his multifarious activities were those of house builder and photographer, whilst, to confer social cachet upon himself, he boasted that he was the grandson of the barber of the last King of Oudh. He was short of stature, spoke English fluently, and a recent chronicler tells us was

community of Simla. It was felt that an effort should be made to recall him to the society of his fellow Christians. A post was secured for him and Mr. George Ryall, the then Chief Judge of the Small Causes Court, endeavoured to persuade him to return to his own people.

The occasion was the sitting of the Court, and a contemporary

Jakko and its residents

writer has described the strange scene. The kindly words of Mr. Ryall had no effect upon the European youth of eighteen, clad in his yellow sanyasi's robe, and he went back to his chosen vocation. He had been a student at Bishop Cotton School, and had suddenly declared himself an apostate from Christianity, and joined the fakir as a disciple at the shrine on Jakko.

His novitiate was undoubtedly severe—for two years he remained under one tree with no other company than that of the monkeys and an attendant who brought him food. Eventually he was admitted into full membership of his order.

In the nineties he was often seen in the station, but afterwards retired to the seclusion of a temple some distance below Annandale, avoided recognition, shunned Europeans, and for a time seemed to have forgotten his mother tongue.

Gopal Das, who was Russet's teacher.

To those who could engage his interest he spoke in terms of the highest praise of his fellow sadhus, and would testify that he had seen many yogi adepts perform most wonderful acts. He was decidedly pro-British in his ideas, and from 1919 to 1922 he did much work locally in advising his co-religionists against the Gandhi movement.

In June, 1927, Bawa Mast Ram, as he styled himself in later life, was appointed Mahant of the temple on Jakko. This is believed to be the first instance on record of a European becoming a Hindu Bairagi. He did not live long to enjoy his new honour, and died the following December. To-day, succession is in dispute, a disciple of a former mahant and his assistant putting forward rival claims to recognition.

Thus closes one of the most remarkable incidents in little known history. How Charlie Russet became Bawa Mast Ram is one of the strangest stories of a land which is familiar with strange events.

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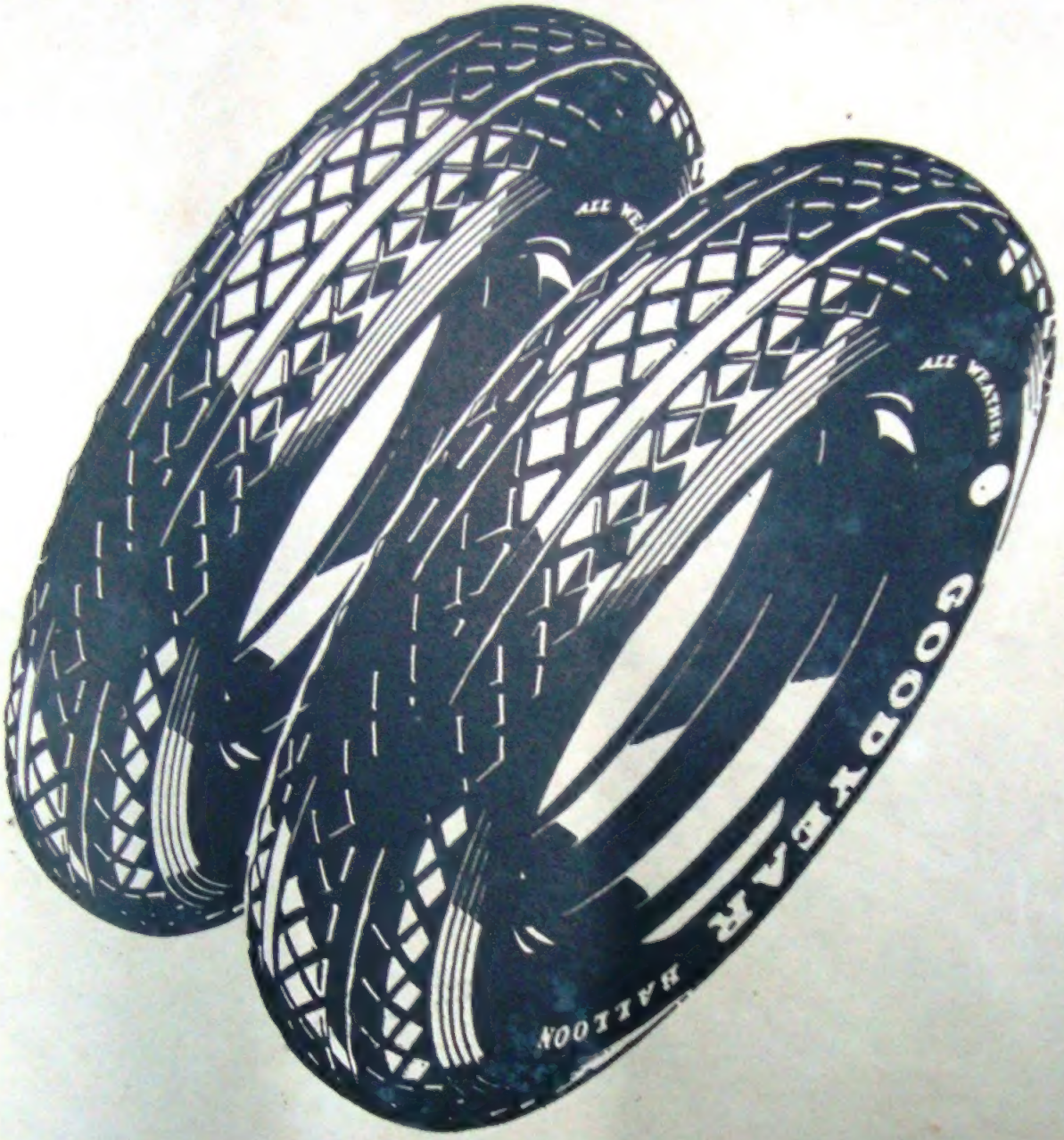

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